VOGUE

60c

APRIL 15

People are talking about...

who's wearing what

...who's going where

...who's got new ideas

ADVANCE RETAIL TRADE SUPPLEMENT

Opposite page 8

AEOLIAN brand, EMBA* natural grey taupe mutation mink



All accessories from Bergdorf Goodman

Photographed at the Pierre Hotel by Virginia Thoren

Spring enters with something extraordinary: AEOLIAN* brand, EMBA* natural grey taupe mutation mink, the best in the world from North America, in a new stole designed by Emeric Partos, and custom-made in our own fur workrooms.

*Trade-mark MUTATION MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

DRESS COLLECTIONS FIFTH FLOOR

We trellis the pergola silhouette with frost-embroidered leafery on pale cotton chiffon, 69.95

Very **SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**

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ST. LOUIS • MIAMI BEACH
FORT LAUDERDALE



ARPÈGE

LANVIN PARFUMS ARPÈGE RUMEUR MY SIN PRÉTEXTE SCANDAL CREATED BOTTLED IN FRANCE

THE BEST PARIS HAS TO OFFER

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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

APRIL 15, 1959



RUTLEDGE

COVER

What we're talking about on the cover
of this People Are Talking About issue:
the hat itself—petit-point straw
the colour of sapphires, finned at top.
This, to wear with black (as here);
deep green, claret red.
By Chanda, at Saks Fifth Avenue;
L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros.
The jewellery—great chunks of emerald
basking in gold, platinum, diamonds—
from Van Cleef & Arpels.
Lipstick to talk about: Flamingo Pearl,
new iridescent colour-in-depth,
by Max Factor.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

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Vol. 133, No. 8
Whole No. 2018

Cartier

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Photographed by Maria Martel in the main lounge on the S. S. Argentina, newest cruise ship afloat.

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. . . you, in your Liberty linen

Marvelous way to vacation—cruising blissfully in this dazzling country-club world of indoor-outdoor living aboard Moore McCormack's sea-going resort to South America. Marvelous way to dress—serenely elegant in our linen from Liberty of London for a shipboard rendezvous, or your on-shore trips to exotic ports of call. Vine leaf print in white with sungold or with sky blue, each with applique bands of solid colour. 10 to 20. 45.00

THE CASE OF THE VANISHING WRINKLE

SOLVED BY

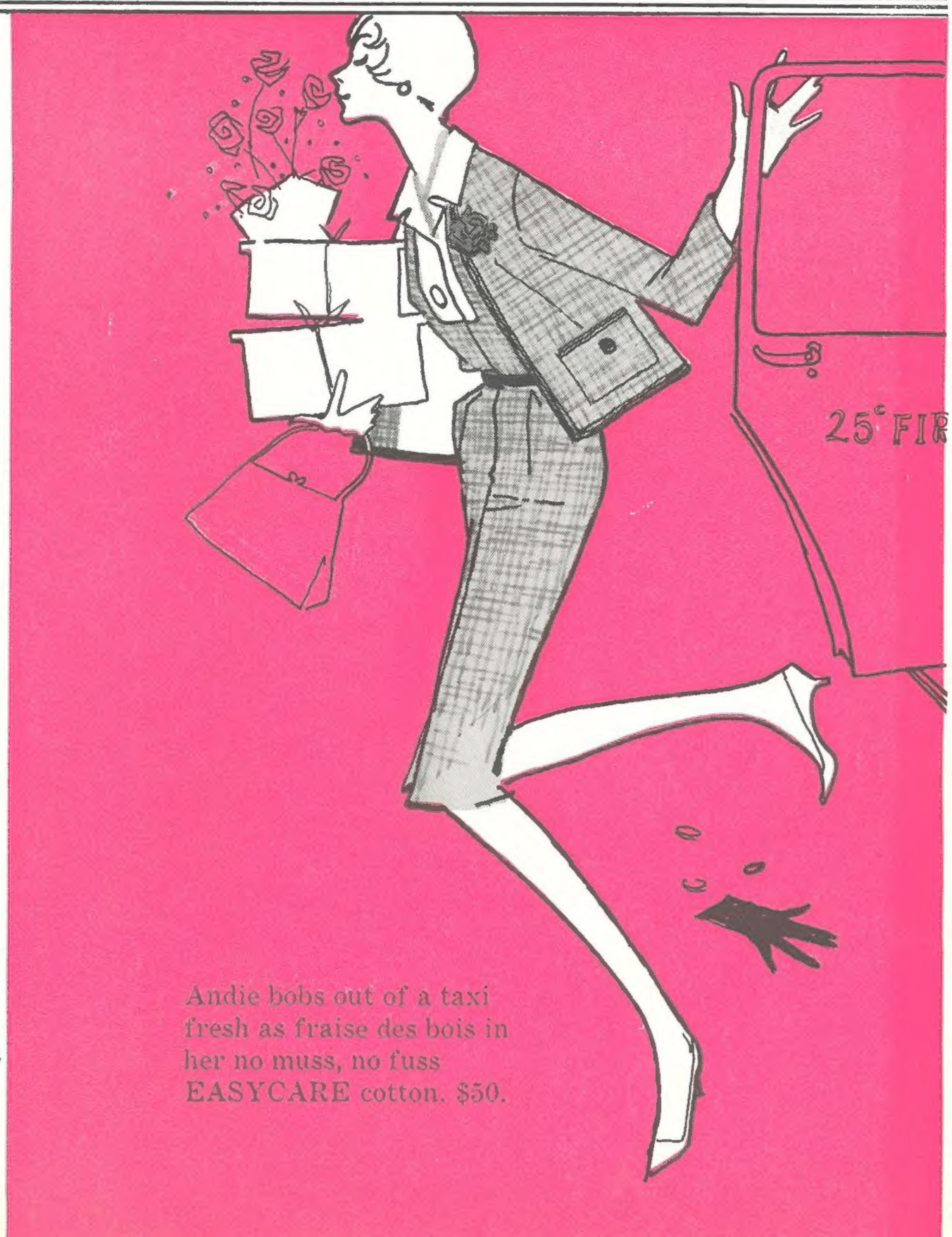
THE ARKIN GIRLS WITH EASYCARE



EASYCARE clothes are luxury cottons with a mixture of miracles that hang-out, snap-back, and live crisply and comfortably whether you are summer sojourning or town taxi-ing. 105 top fashion stores will feature EASYCARE fashions on APRIL 15th. See page 118 for your closest store friend.



Lee is caught in a sunshower, her EASYCARE ensemble snaps back to fashion attention. $65.



Andie bobs out of a taxi fresh as fraise des bois in her no muss, no fuss EASYCARE cotton. $50.

Mad dogs and Englishmen out in the noonday sun, Lee says her crispy cool cotton is fun. $50.

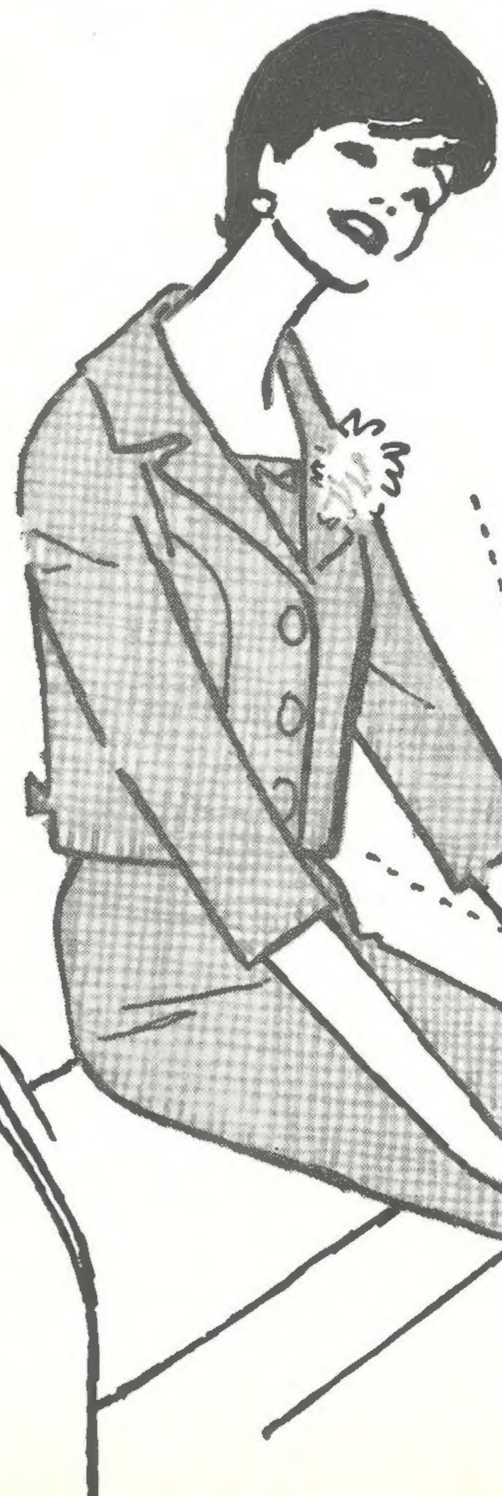
Andie is uncrushed after a whirlwind courtship in a lovable EASYCARE spriggity suit. $40.

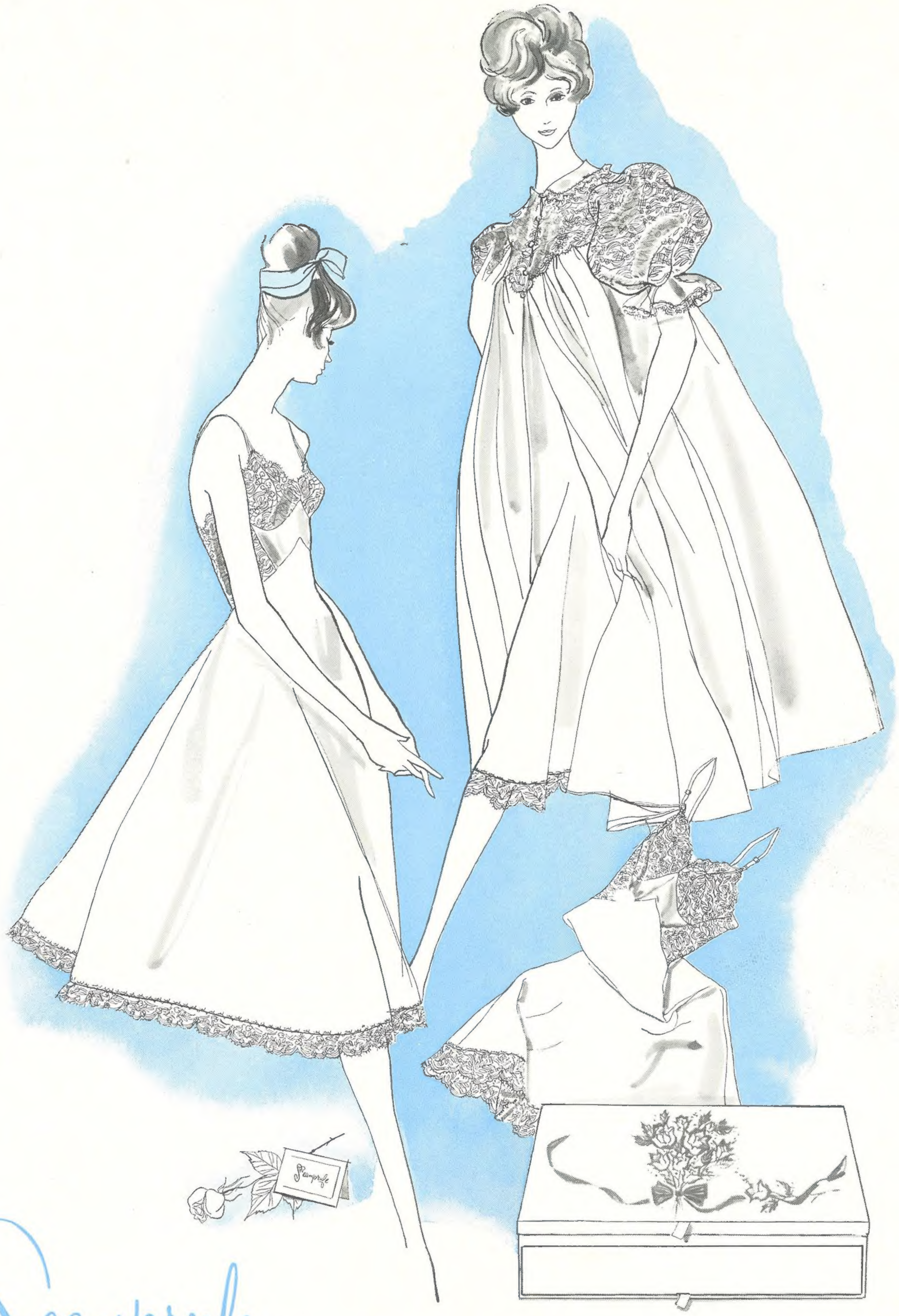




No mystery any more, the Arkin girls rest assured that EASYCARE will live happily ever after. Blonde Andie wears PETITES, her dress and jacket $50. Lee wears couturier sizes, her ensemble $55. All prices approximate.
LEONARD ARKIN and ANDREW ARKIN, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York City







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FOR THE FIRST TIME... ENCHANTING LINGERIE ASSEMBLED IN AN EXQUISITE TREASURE CHEST FOR A VERY SPECIAL GIRL! LUXURIOUS GOWN, PEIGNOIR AND COMPANION SLIP OF GOSSAMER NYLON TRICOT... FROSTED WITH PRECIOUS LACE AND GLEAMING SATIN. MOONBEAM WHITE, 32-38; $49.95 AT THE FINEST STORES, OR WRITE SEAMPRUFE, INC., 412 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

VOGUE / idea sheet

These are April 15 *Vogue's* fashion ideas that

People are talking about. . .

"SLEEVE INFLATION"
Smart new sleeve-signals: big, dirndlish, bouffant . . . sleeves that look like bells, mushrooms, cloud-caps. (Pages 46, 47; 70-73)

. . . **"THE NEW TUNIC FLARE-UP"**
Tunic points: belts, little waists, skirts with new dimensions.
(Pages 48, 49)

. . . **"NEW LOOKS IN COTTON"**
A racy new plaid of a coat (with shorter sleeves), the news of a longer-jacketed suit.
(Pages 50, 51)

Denim and cotton jersey: their new citified charm.
(Pages 86-89)

. . . the blue hat (Cover)
. . . "the new white-coat manner" (Pages 52, 53)
. . . "new ruling on stockings—stripes" (Pages 90, 91)
. . . "the blues in lingerie now" (Pages 98-101)

FASHIONS IN LIVING: a garden house, new house ideas

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VOGUE, APRIL 15, 1959, VOL. 133, NO. 8

Headline your own fashion news—in newspaper advertisements and displays—with these "VOGUE says" quotes.

VOGUE SAYS: "PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT. . .

• sleeve inflation"
blown-up sleeves"
garden sleeves"
floating sleeves"
cape-like sleeves"
cascading sleeves"

. . . the new tunic flare-up"
tunic sweep"
cloche tunic"
the belled-out tunic"

. . . new looks in cotton"
shorter-sleeved coat"
longer-jacket suit"
blue-denim dash—to the city"
cotton jersey—in city suits, dresses"

. . . sapphire hat—to wear with black, green, red"
. . . white coat manner—cinched"
. . . striped stockings—new ruling on legs"
. . . summer lingerie—touched with blue"

Beauty:

Vogue says: "Tiger tones—what hair is wearing"
Vogue says: "Pink-pink-pink—gilded lipstick"

Your release date: April 14

Color...to order! Face powder hand-blended for your coloring...or whim!

Made-to-order powder pressed in a compact, $2; or boxed loose, $1.50, $2.50. Plus tax. At favored department and specialty stores.

Charles of the Ritz



La Scala swimprint...diva

of the diving board set...

because it uses every way

of shaping every inch you

own, starting with the bra

and never stopping! Satin,

powered with elastic. 22.95

Rose Marie Reid JEWELS OF THE SEA



Ever romantic, ever seductive **Silk**

Most beautiful of fabrics—adrift in the new hues of spring.
Never have fashion and silk been so perfectly attuned.
Never have silk prints been so exciting and in so many
textures—from chiffons and organzas to twills, shantungs,
linen weaves and crepes. Silk fits every fashion mood.
The love of the season is Silk.

***International Silk Association* (*U.S.A.*)**

PHOTOGRAPHED IN FRANCE BY DERUJINSKY ©COTY 1959

NEW! THE COLOR Tying up TRAFFIC ALL OVER PARIS!

Coty

Rue de la Pink



COTY "24" LIPSTICK 1.25 PLUS TAX
SUPER-SHEEN NAIL POLISH .75

Only *one* color could create such heavenly havoc. *Rue de la Pink!* For this gilded, giddy season, Coty took a gorgeous giddy pink . . . tangled it all up in gold . . . fanned it into fashion's newest flame. *Rue de la Pink!* See it strike black with lightning . . . delight white . . . set fire to pastels . . . electrify everything you wear! *Rue de la Pink!* What a delicious snare, whether you're sunnied or fair. What honeyed flattery for lips and fingertips. *Don't venture out without it.*

COTY . . . THE ESSENCE OF BEAUTY THAT IS FRANCE



A flaming Pink, with a wicked wink, and a heart of gold.



Choose your shade! One rinse keeps your hair glowing with color for weeks!

Only Helena Rubinstein could create COLOR LIFT —the first color rinse that lasts through 5 shampoos!

LOOK AT the pictures. Only COLOR LIFT—Helena Rubinstein's remarkable new discovery—can rinse such rich, vibrant color into your hair! Blonde hair sizzles with excitement. Red hair glows! Dark hair sparkles. You can blend in gray hair—or shimmer it with glamorous silver.

COLOR LIFT is the first rinse guaranteed to last through *five* shampoos. (Other rinses wash out in the *first* shampoo.) COLOR LIFT won't rub off on your clothes or pillow. It won't brush out. And it's a breeze to use. No mixing. No measuring. No applicator. Just lather COLOR LIFT in! 12 fabulous shades. Two-month supply only 1.50 plus tax.



Photo by Kuhner at Round Hill, Montego Bay, Jamaica, B.W.I.

Retiring fashion...the blushing-rose gown by Van Raalte

Subtle artistry—Van Raalte's filmy nylon tricot gown, diffused by a mist of white Illusion® nylon tricot floated over an underlayer of color. The shirred bodice is delicately embroidered with tiny pink roses. #8734 in sizes 32 to 38. Cloud White over Ambrosia Pink or Water Lily, $14.95. At nicest stores everywhere.

Because you love nice things STOCKINGS · GLOVES · LINGERIE



Photographed at French and Company, New York City • Hat by Dachette

AVISCO INTEGRITY TAG

DOUBLE FEATURE FOR THE LADIES . . . Miss Gini of **MEN'DEL** creates a two piece dress for busy American women. Whisper-light mesh, Bloomburg's "Delicata" is woven with fine Avisco® acetate and nylon to make the perfect cool fabric for spring and summer. Crush-resistant and packable, it is an ideal traveler. Flattering too, with straight slimming lines, squared neckline and matching jacket that covers brief sleeves. Sizes 12½ to 24½. The colors are Navy, Seafoam, Blue, Rose or Toast. About $35.
Available at these stores: Stern Bros., New York • Lamson's, Toledo • The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit • Joske's, San Antonio • Maison Blanche, New Orleans.

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A. White lace medallions in a slimming line on a sophisticate in Pima cotton voile. Black, navy or copen blue. 12½—24½.

B. Wash 'n' wear 100% Dacron classic with heart-embroidered panels. Lilac, blue, turquoise or pink, 12½—22½. Lilac, blue, turquoise or beige, 12—20.

C. Dots with dash . . . sheer beauty in Pima cotton voile, iced with lace-edged feminine frill. White dots on black, navy, grey or blue. 12½—22½.

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Dresses detailed with distinction, proudly pretty . . . and the perfect present for Mother on HER day! Each about $11

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Hair Color: Midnight Panther COLOR GLO Lipstick: DuBarry THE MISSING PINK © 1959 Richard Hudnut

It's the **new** beauty idea! Powder your face with **pearls!**

From now on you'll powder your face with pearls and you'll love it!

A whole new concept—an exciting new process, exclusive with Du Barry—makes this *dream* powder possible. Fantastically fine-spun, Cloudsilk actually *glows* with powdered pearls—does away with that old-fashioned "powdered" look forever. It makes your complexion look younger, instantly—gives you the loveliest look of your life. Pearly! Positively luminous!

Cloudsilk Pearled Powder in charming box, or finely compressed, in elegant golden compact.



Cloudsilk Pearled Powder $3.50
Compressed Cloudsilk
. . . golden compact $3.75
. . . tortoise tone compact $1.50
prices plus tax

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The world's most beautifying face powder

Enhance your special beauty with a



Sportscast, a magnificent marriage of mercerized cotton and Lastex knit. Slender effect is achieved by diagonal drapery. $17.95



Swing Low, formfit mio in a vivacious ribbon stripe of nylon Helanca and Lastex knit. Built-up top, low-plunge back. $19.95



Sea Dress, incomparable elegance in silk nub Lastex. Inverted pleat half-skirt and bodice simplicity minimizes figure. $17.95

Future bright in fabrics.

Fresh, exciting, totally and intensely feminine —this is the look captured in Catalina's brilliant swimwear collection. The heart of its beauty—a fascinating use of fabulous fabrics. Lilting silks, shantungs, voiles, organzas. And a fresh approach to Lastex, cotton, Orlon, knits of nylon Helanca. The total effect is an alluring alliance of vibrant color, fabric and design. Purposely planned to enhance your special charms as only Catalina can.

Opposite in color: **Ribbonaire,** pure femininity in an exquisite pairing of silk and cotton ribbon plaid. Hip flattery is created by the soft pleating of the skirt. $17.95

Opposite above: **Soft Touch** radiates an air of gentility in an empire silhouette of pure silk shantung. Soft bodice pleats and flared skirt give full figure flattery. $17.95

CATALINA SWIMWEAR ® LOVELIER BY DESIGN

Catalina, Inc., Los Angeles 13 • Creators of Fine Swimwear, Sweaters and Sportswear • Subsidiary of Kayser-Roth Corporation

Catalina®



CATALINA loves the patchwork plaid, gayest version of the tartan vogue in Signature fabrics. And Signature's so wonderful . . . a supple, silken, fine combed cotton that takes swimming and washing in stride, shakes off wrinkles with the greatest of ease . . . leads a smooth life with little or no ironing.

Hers: suit, $13.95, sizes 32-38; matching jacket, $5.95, S/M/L. His: Trader length pants, $6.95, sizes 28-38; shirt, $6.95, S/M/L/XL. Boys: $2.98, sizes 6-20.



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Brevard Necklace 10.00, Brevard Earring 5.00. Bracelets from left to right: Brevard 6.00, Lorena 6.00, Antiqua 12.50, Jasmine 4.00, Lorena 5.00. Prices plus tax. ©Monet Jewelers, 6 West 32nd St., New York.

Antiqued White...an entirely new and totally elegant look in summer jewelry. A Monet fashion-first and the most exciting way to accessorize summer clothes. In the Golden Manner of Monet, necklaces, earrings, pins and bracelets. Each piece bears the Monet signature.

Monet

Master jeweler
at fine stores

Lace, à la Empire, tucked in the bodice of this dress-length gown. In white, petal, yellow, blue. Small, medium, large. About $8. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; L. S. Ayres & Company, Indianapolis; J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles; John Wanamaker, Phila.



What makes

this batiste

the most

thrilling batiste

in the

lingerie world?

the look of it—a delicate drift of dreams, so light it floats.
the touch of it—creamy as rose petals, cool and whisper-soft.
the easy care of it—a swish through suds, a quick drip-dry—voilá!

all of it because it's made of Dacron® nylon and cotton.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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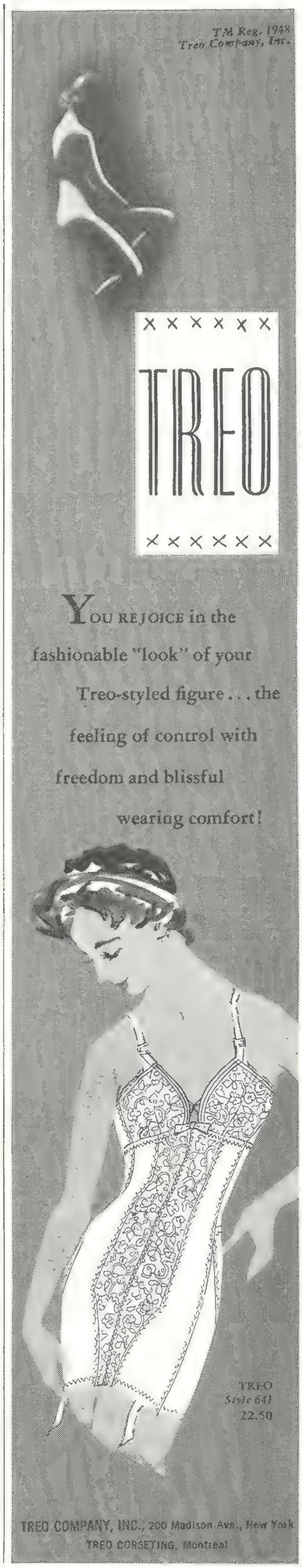
Thank you
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for calling
our
Blendaire®
Batiste
"the most
thrilling
batiste in
the world."
Our happy
Barbizon
customers agree.



SHANNON

In the cards: the cardigan suit

Right answer to so many spring-and-summer dressing situations—from lunch in the country to a day's rounds in town: the cardigan suit.
It's done, here, in a pleasantly cool, silky fabric, a pleasant colour-balance of beige and black (beige for the suit, black for the binding, both of acetate and Avisco rayon). The pockets don't hold anything, but they have dash.
Suit, by Handmacher, in Earl-Loom fabric; about $30. Altman's; The Blum Store; Famous-Barr.
Beige straw hat, ribboned in beige, by Miss Frederics.





HATS BY JOHN FREDERICS

Laroche does the romantic little daytime suit with tucks defining the stand-away orbit collar. Copied by David Levine in Crestwood Rayon and silk.

Cardin extends the shoulder-line in a creamy suit with softly tucked sleeves, and a single Victorian rose. Copied by David Levine in Crestwood Rayon and silk.

The new romance of Paris...with rayon!



News—from Paris! The Romantic Look, deliciously curved and softened, feminine as Eve! Rayon shapes the new silhouettes with beguiling finesse . . . blends into fabrics that bell, pleat, mold with superb subtlety. Here, from our own collection of Paris imports, exciting originals copied by American designers in American fabrics woven with Rayon. Lord & Taylor, New York; I. Magnin, Calif. and Seattle; Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester; Vandervoort's St. Louis. For other stores see page 38.

AMERICAN RAYON INSTITUTE, INC.
350 Fifth Avenue, New York

Givenchy romanticizes the slender dress with a beautiful show of décolletage framed by a graceful collar. Copied by Herbert Sondheim in Julius Werk Rayon and silk.

Nina Ricci creates the new Paris Bell, taut-waisted, hippy, with delicately sloped shoulders. Copied by David Levine in Julius Werk Rayon and silk.

sculptured rose by Artemis

Artemis artistry captures
the delicate blossoming of spring
for your very personal delight . . .
a new collection in opaque nylon tricot.
Lingering rose appliqué
sheer overlays whisper feminine
rich nylon lace echoes the rose motif.
Gracefully molded, with Artemis
flattering fit.



In Venetian Pink, Aquarelle and White.
Waltz Gown, sizes 32-38, $7.95. Peignoir,
sizes 32-38, $8.95. Slip, sizes 32-40 average;
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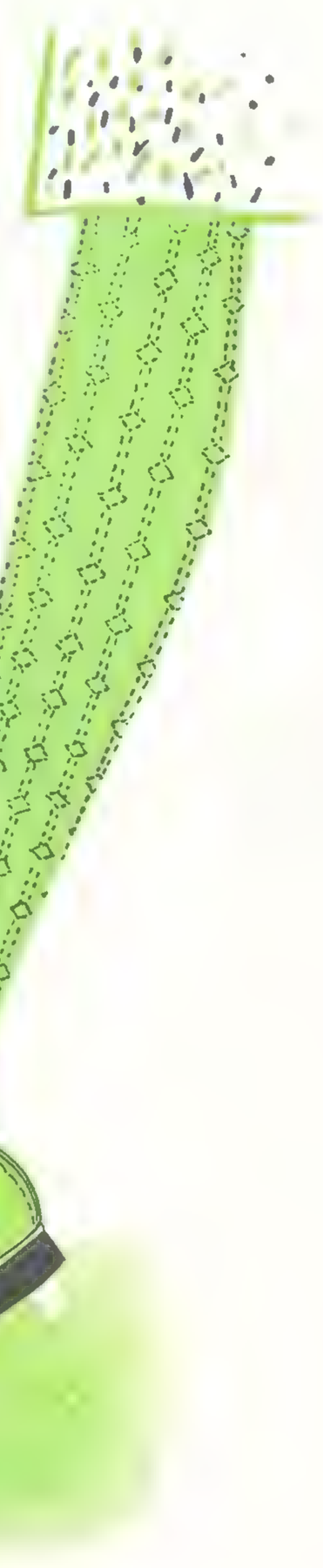
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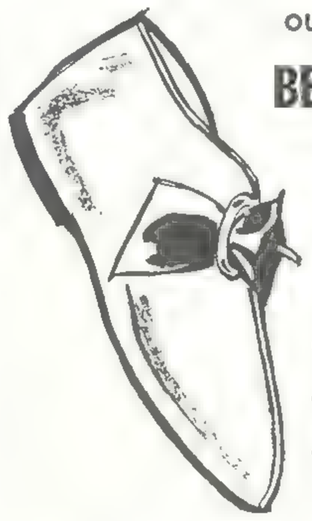
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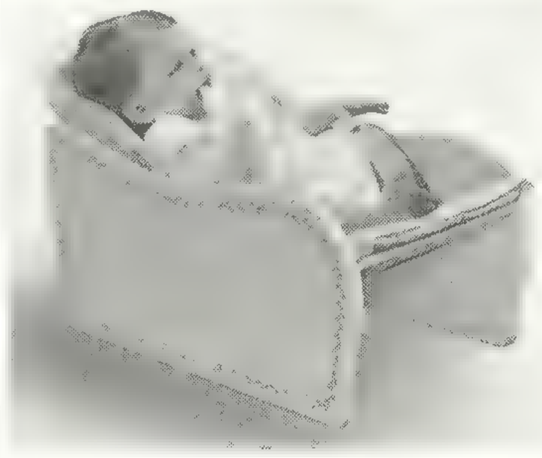
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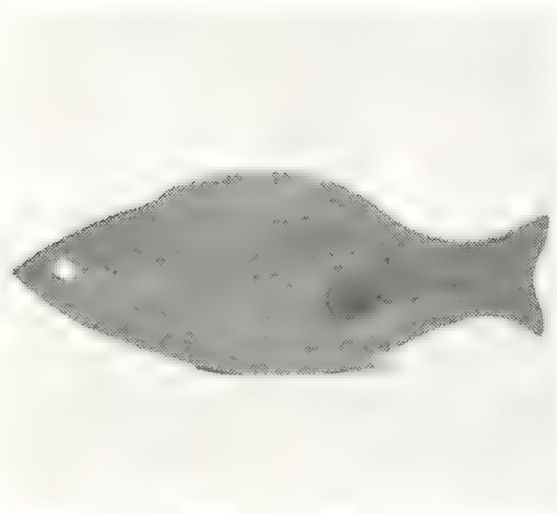


1. Sitting around

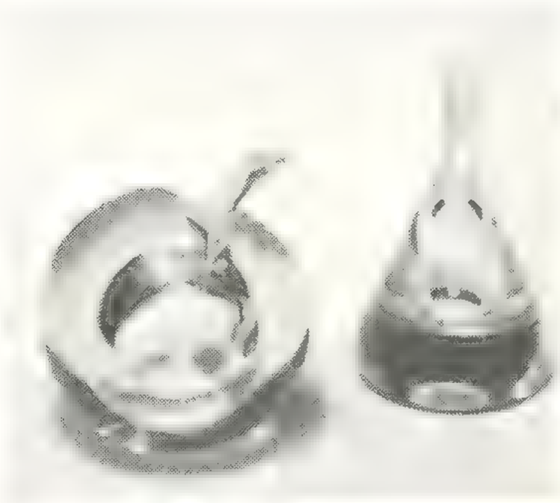
2. Silent butler: top brass

HOUND

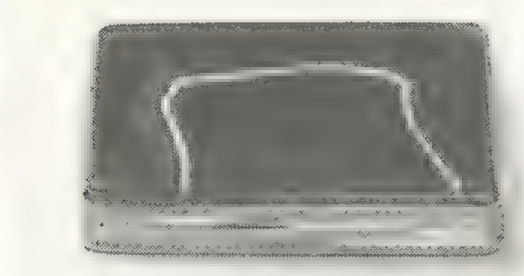
. . . April cues



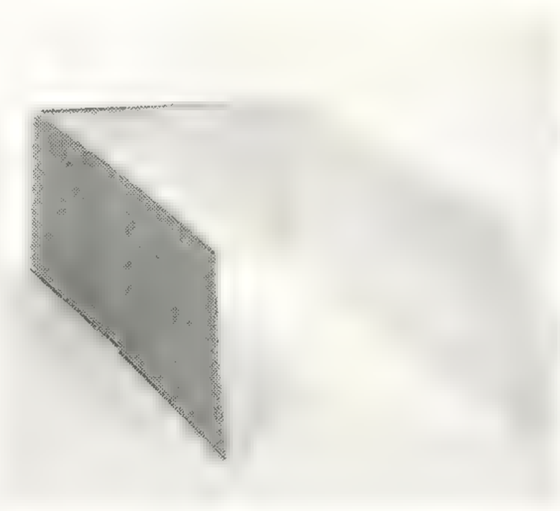
3. Codfish board



4. Weighted fragrance



5. Agate compact



6. Reflections on the sun



7. Grand standing shoe

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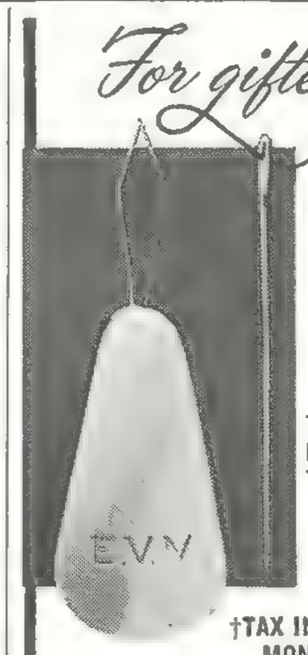


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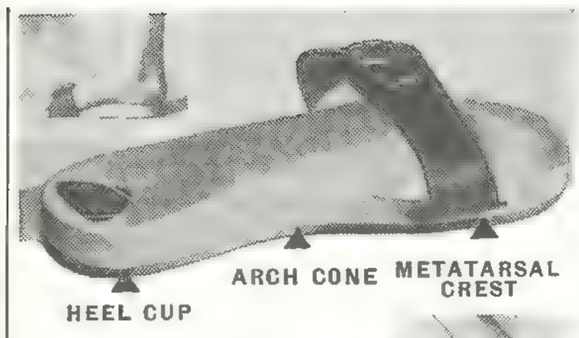
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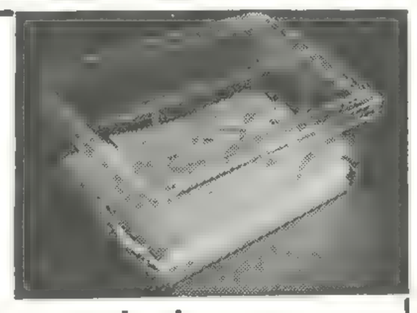
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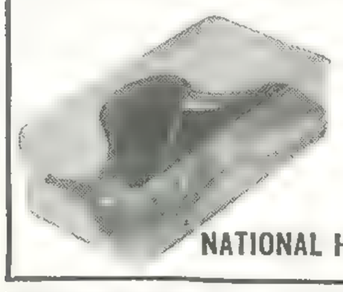
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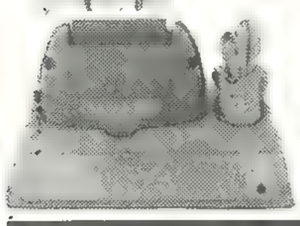
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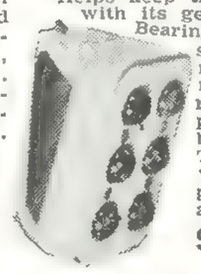
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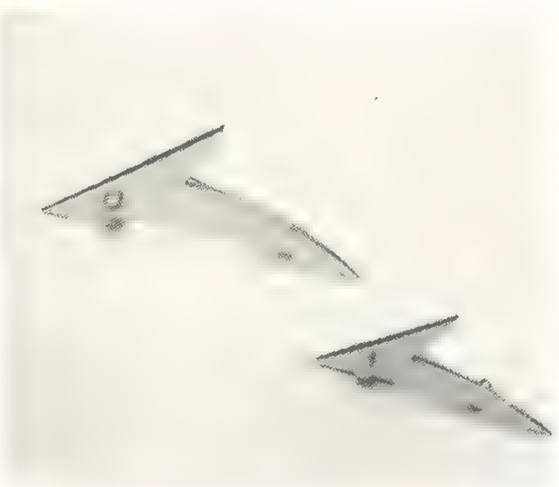
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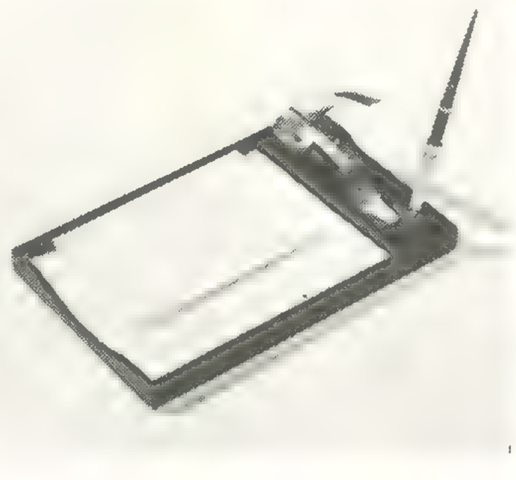


Impressionist pins, here, their shape abstracted from that of birds in flight. Handmade of 14-karat gold, with cultured-pearl eyes. Small, $17.50; large, $25, inc. tax, ppd. Hermine A. Milch, 1475 Popham Ave., Bronx 53, N.Y.

Indian gift? Six feet of sari silk-and-cotton make this stole. In white, with deep red borders patterned in gold. $17.50 ppd. India Shop, 17 East 54th St., New York 22.

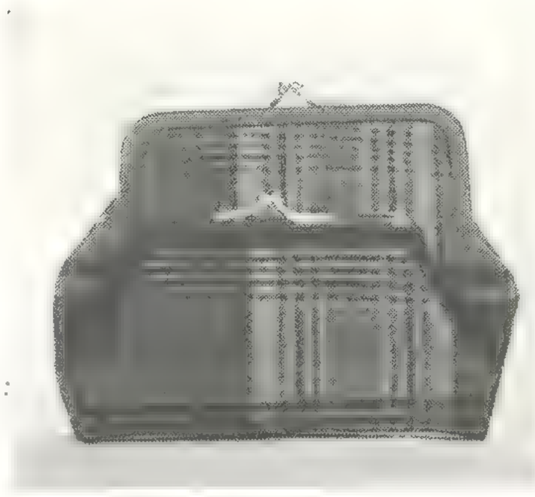


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Corresponding needs—note paper and envelopes, a ball-point pen, and a 3-initial gold-plated hand seal—come in this calfskin tray. 10″ x 6″. In black, brown, red, or dark green with a black pen; or ivory, light blue, or pink with a white pen. Allow two weeks delivery. $19.95 ppd. Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St., N.Y.

Keeping change in hand is the province of only half of this predominantly red or yellow Madras purse. The other half holds lipstick, cigarettes, whatever. Small, $1.95; large, $2.95 ppd. Elizabeth McCaffrey, Dept. V-15, Northport, New York.



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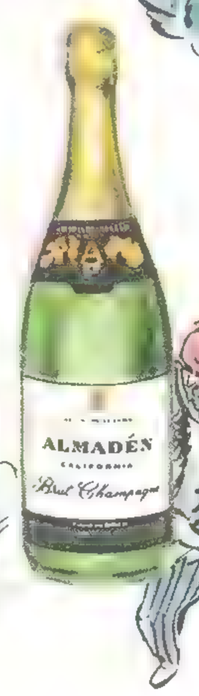
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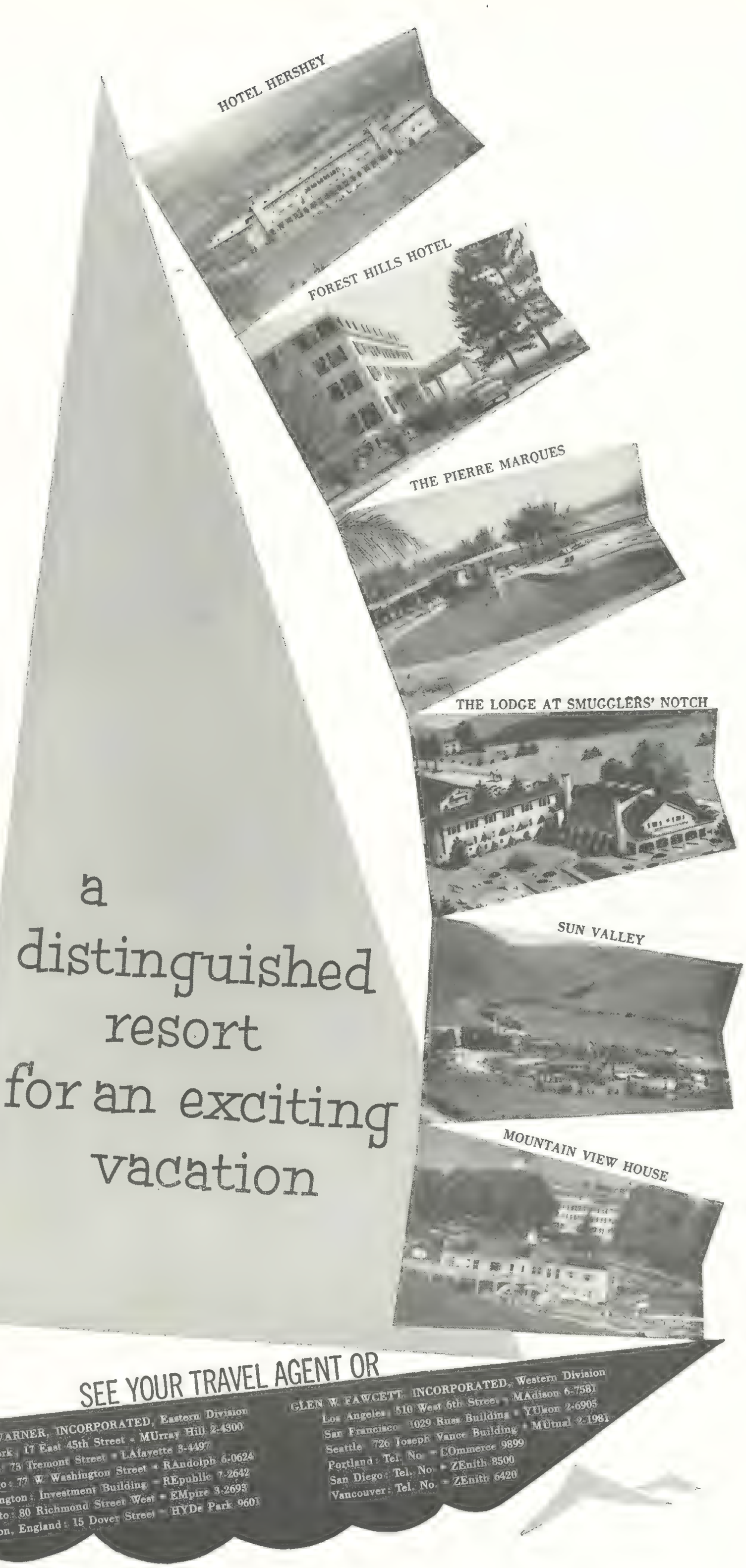
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SEE COUPON ON PAGE 120



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Any of the schools, colleges, or summer camps listed here will gladly give you further information. Letters mentioning VOGUE will receive special consideration.

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On Torch Lake, Mich. Girls 7-18. 4 groups. Mature leadership. Riding in fee. Sailing. Wide choice land, water sports. Music, crafts, trips. Modern equipment. Brother camp, Fairwood. Catalog. **Mrs. M. V. Eder, Owner-Dir., 5699 Belmont Ave., Cincinnati 24, Ohio.**

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Please indicate interest in camps_____ or schools_____

Mr.
Mrs._____
Miss

Address_____

Daughter_____ Son_____ Age_____ Grade_____

Special interests_____

Location preferred_____ Approximate fee_____

4-15-59



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APRIL 15, 1959 VOGUE

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF People are talking about...



PENN

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . is a phrase that has run through Vogue's pages since April 15, 1938. Now on its twenty-first birthday, for the first time a whole issue has been called "People Are Talking About." On this and the next sixty-nine pages are some three hundred bugs in the ear about fashions, books, plays, songs, movies, art, and the lovely minutiae of intelligent and common-sense gossip. Chocking the backgrounds of pages 46-51 and 54-57 are the first Vogue billboards ever—streamered, naturally, with what People Are Talking About.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . National Library Week, ending on April 18, a week with its only purpose to get more people to read, but without any pressure on the choice of reading, on the plausible but inverted theory that a thousand words are worth more than one photograph. Although depressed critics rarely mention the increased number of books published in this country, the increased number of adult students at the reading speed-up classes, there is the pertinent fact that last year's first National Library Week resulted in more books in circulation, more people taking out library cards, and more appropriations for libraries.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The movie, loved in London, called "The Little Island," a fierce, delicate, sharp cartoon about three men who believe in Goodness, Beauty, and Truth, that remarkable trio. . . . "Great Companions," by Max Eastman who has written a magnificent chapter on John Dewey who never believed in "consecrating children's whims, much less in forcing them to have more whims than is natural to them. He had more horse sense than many of those who now run 'progressive schools' in his name." Dewey once rushed upstairs in his house "to find the bathtub occupied by a fleet of sailboats, the water brimming over, and his small boy Fred busy with both hands shutting it off. The child turned as he opened the door, and said severely: 'Don't argue, John—get the mop!' "

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The important business men of San Francisco who have organized the amateur Glockenspiel Band to play at benefit parties. . . . College students panning the market for summer jobs. . . . The charm of the Douglas Moore-John Latouche opera, "The Ballad of Baby Doe," now part of the careful program of the New York City Opera Company, those specialists in works by American composers and writers.

"...Have you ever met a woman who's just plain misinformed?...Doesn't know about beige. Doesn't know there's a whizz for pleats now. Never heard of waist-cinchers—and they're so good, the new ones. The kind of woman who hasn't even tried bogus eyelashes. You know, she never owns one controversial dress... not even a controversial stocking..."

"...all those real-life wigs. Sophia Loren wears one—she'll be blond in her new movie, 'Heller with a Gun.' And they say the Duchess has ordered hers. Anyway, before I think of bathing suits, I want a wig. No more sacrifical pin-curling after every plunge."



People

".. TELL ME, IS IT BETTER TO BE BLOND? OR AM I PREJUDICED? HOW DO MEN FEEL ABOUT REDHEADS NOW? .. I MEAN, COULD I BE GWEN VERDON?"

are talking about...

PENN

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

steichen

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The incisive, straight-line logic, the clear, no-blots exposition of her theme in the new Barbara Ward book, "Five Ideas that Change the World." . . . The number of entertainers who love to take the public on a long, wandering stroll through their psyches, pausing at each neurotic node, never wearying of the beautiful sight of a field rampant with narcissus. . . . Double veils, cage-y and pretty-making, in the manner of Dior, now veiling some of the prettiest women hatted by the great Miss Jessica at Bergdorf Goodman.

THE 4,500,000 PEOPLE IN THE UNITED STATES AND LONDON WHO HAVE SEEN "MY FAIR LADY"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Lorraine Hansberry, the new, slight young playwright who wrote "A Raisin in the Sun," a play notable for its honesty without violence, its power, its compassion, and its understanding objective humour; a play with characters—bony, fat, alive, especially when played by this superbly schooled cast that includes a miraculous performance by Claudia McNeil as a solid God-loving, not God-quoting Negro mother. . . . This year's guessing game: "Who's wigged?" . . . The revived rage for tanning, and the first excitement of this almost forgotten cosmetic glowing on the faces of winter travellers homing from the sun countries. . . . The U.S. decision to send to the Moscow Fair not only the Steichen photographic exhibition, "The Family of Man," but also bearded, eighty-year-old, distinguished Edward Steichen.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The new venture by the venerable, red-velveted and famous Paris restaurant, Maxim's, which under the name, Maxim's Academy, will give a series of courses in fine cooking, art appreciation, and the technique of entertaining, all to start on June 22; the tuition for three weeks $600, for five weeks $800. . . . Colour spectaculars in shoe closets. . . . The false "Twenties" on television, and how sick people are of them, with that eternal Charlestoning, that boop-de-boop singing, those short, beaded shimmying dresses. . . . "Operators and Things: The Inner Life of a Schizophrenic" by Barbara O'Brien, who writes candidly of her acceptance of two different hallucinations when her life was run for her by "Operators" who are human beings with the ability to explore and influence the minds of "Things" who are other humans willing to be directed. Controlled by three Operators, known as Sharp, Hinton, and Nicky, as though they were a law firm, she went to Canada and California, relieved by them of her problems, her apathy, and her job. When she recovered, the Operators were gone.

The sun tan revival

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The long-playing engagement of the dinner suit, which began last autumn with brocades; among the most winning now, a pale silk-print dinner suit from Dessès now being made to order by Bergdorf Goodman. . . . The number of agencies taking the Bolshoi Ballet for benefit parties; among them the English-Speaking Union on April 20. . . . The nervous word "cukie" used instead of nuts.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . "Ages of Man," the Columbia record in which Sir John Gielgud's voice, that volatile, expressive instrument, ranges through some Shakespearean plays and sonnets, manages to evoke instantly the youngness of Romeo and the maddened age of Lear. . . . The men who consider fashion's turnabout their own unblinking triumph, and the other men, attractively bemused, who paraphrase Mr. Thomas Phipps's remark, "Do they look too normal to be chic?"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Modigliani exhibition of drawings, sculpture, and paintings, all wisely chosen, now at The Contemporary Arts Center of the Cincinnati Art Museum. . . . The pleasure of reading the poems of John Betjeman, an Englishman with a pure delight in the slightly antique, a mastery of light verse, and a cockeyed, unlimited sense of humour.

Strategic Air Command

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . "Forms from Israel," a travelling exhibition of such beautiful objects as Bedouin camel saddlebags, Arab drums, Yemenite baskets, and modern ceramics, each vigorously conceived and designed, each related in one way or another to forms of nature, forms of the desert, forms of life on the land, forms of faith. . . . Real earrings, a fetish, a cause now even with women who enjoy masses of bogus jewels in bracelets and necklaces.

CUKI

Long-play dinner suit

"THE LITTLE ISLAND"

The 50th state: HAWAII

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The disagreeable power, the depravity, the extraordinary emotional demands made on, and fulfilled by, Geraldine Page, Sidney Blackmer, and Paul Newman in "Sweet Bird of Youth," with its long, difficult monologues, each like a great sustained aria in opera. A man of feeling, rather than a man of thought, Tennessee Williams has a genius for psycho-dramatics, for explosive characters who act out the fortunately suppressed feelings of millions. . . . "Simplicity is no deterrent"—this report from a great New York store about the philosophy of women who are buying the new Paris clothes; the further word that Dior's pleated shirt dress, printed, plunge-y, is now big box-office in America.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . "A Family Exhibit" in which forty or so paintings and drawings collected by the five Rockefeller brothers and their sister, Mrs. Jean Mauzé, are on view now as a benefit at the Knoedler Galleries. Among the works of art are the famous Cézanne "Boy in the Red Waistcoat," a Gauguin, a Matisse, and a Signac, all owned by David Rockefeller; a Peter Blume, Millares, Juan Gris, and two Picassos, owned by Governor Nelson Rockefeller; Laurance Rockefeller's Modigliani, John Marin, Gainsborough, Eilshemius, and Toulouse-Lautrec; Winthrop Rockefeller's Bellows, Utrillo, and Kirschenbaum; the John D. Rockefeller, III, paintings by Andrew Wyeth, Morris Graves, Bernard Perlin, Rothko, Pollock, Sheeler, and a Picasso; Mrs. Mauzé's Nattier, Beckmann, and Pascin. . . . Innocent-sultry eyes managed now by bronze eye shadow; the subtle effects, riveting—as any movie make-up man will testify. . . . Jet beads. . . . The Makeur, a French make-up applicator that works on electricity and the principle that its eight little buffers, buffing make-up on tissue-thin, are more efficient, less damaging cosmetic patters than ten fingers—no matter how skilled they are.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The book, "The Seesaw Log," which tells, in complete horror, the difficulties of getting into production the enormously successful play, "Two for the Seesaw," a hit both on Broadway and in London. It took William Gibson three years from conception to completion of his play. After rejection by five producers one was found in almost five months. For twelve months more Gibson worried before Anne Bancroft and Henry Fonda agreed to sign, undiscouraged by the fact that the two rôles had been declined by Gwen Verdon, Julie Harris, Kim Stanley, Jack Lemmon, Paul Newman, Richard Basehart, Jack Palance, Eli Wallach, and Robert Preston. . . . The barmy song, "Where Will the Baby's Dimples Be?"... The puzzling fact that quiet hair requires more coiffings than whirly hair. . . . The simplicity of Theodore Bikel when he sings folk songs, the strength of his acting, the range of his talents.

"Where Will the Baby's Dimples Be?"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The seven-year-old who sang to himself: "Joshua Fit the Battle of Geritol, Geritol, Geritol." . . . The Marlene Dietrich movies, ten of them for ten weeks now at the Museum of Modern Art, all throaty, leggy, so acutely photographed that the years of her fame are understandable, the vitality of her appeal constant in "Desire," "Morocco," "Shanghai Express," "Foreign Affair." . . . The American-in-Paris look of the Chanel suits—her off-white wools with brass buttons, for instance. . . . London's rebellious band of architectural militants at the Royal College of Art who call themselves the "Anti-Uglies" and whose chief targets are the Contemporary-Traditional style and the Contemporary Renaissance. . . . "The Dress Doctor," by Edith Head and Jane Kesner Ardmore, a this-is-the-way-it-is book in which Miss Head, the famous Hollywood designer, drops such names and images as: "A Hedy Lamarr fitting meant food shuttled in every hour or so, Viennese pastries, pot roast sandwiches, anything to eat."

ANTI-UGLIES

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . "Elizabeth The Great," a scholarly but gossipy biography by Elizabeth Jenkins who proves the magnetism of the Queen, her intellectual qualities, her regal characteristics, her practical and clear mind, her belief in astrology, but manages to disprove the canard that the Queen was bald.

"ELIZABETH THE GREAT"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The prickle in the young comments, still violent and funny, that Margaret Halsey put into "With Malice Toward Some," first published in 1938, but now revived in a paperback. Talking about a Mrs. Wadhams, Miss Halsey, flushed with similes, wrote: ". . . her complexion makes me feel like the beach at low tide. She is, I suppose, that 'simple English girl' to whom the British are fond of referring with a tender and rather horticultural pride, as if they grew them on south walls, like apricots."

"AGES OF MAN"

jet

BRONZE

THE NEW RAGE FOR
eye make-up

SNOW BUNI

Sweater stitches closing up

ats to make you mysterious

TV FRENCH

New earring

life

organdi

stereophonic whispers

AFTER ROCK
AND ROLL WHAT...

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BELTS

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CARS...
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WIG BLO

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BERTHA-WAVE
2-PC
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SUITS

...about sleeve

KAREN RADKAI

e hat.

THE EYEBROW HEEL

CKS

BOBS

Ca

inflation



THE AD-LIB LOOK

"Petite Fleur"

SLEEVE INFLATION

Moonlighting

SUNLIGHTING

STAGGER LEE

Van Dyke

GOATEE, BEAVER, CASTRO

THE SMALL-WAIST REVIVAL

ff-track betting

E EXPERTS' BOOK OF BOATING"

Ratsey on sails.

If your fashion radar system is blipping away like sixty, these are the sleeve-signals that ought to be coming in clearly now: big, dirndlish, bouffant. (Sleeve talk this summer has a way of rippling along like skirt talk.) Here, two dresses that have—besides the proper talk of sleeve—skirts of the same blow-away prettiness. **Flight of checks,** *far left:* Eye opener for the woman who thinks that history just doesn't happen in gingham. Black and white checked gingham, here, checkered with news—blown-up sleeves, skirt; a good three inches of leather whittling away at the waist. To wear: days, in town, with more black, more white. By Trigère, of Galey & Lord cotton. Making the more-black point: a jet of beads, eight-strands deep; by Marvella. Gloves by Superb. Sally V hat. All: Bonwit Teller. The dress, also at Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Black calfskin sandals, from I. Miller. **Garden sleeves,** *directly left:* Afternoon-and-on flowerscape in brown and white cotton batiste with a grosgrain-ribboned waist, enormous skirt, and the kind of sleeve that gets talked about now—the kind that goes whoosh. By Larry Aldrich, in Onondaga fabric; about $70. Miriam Haskell necklace. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Harzfeld's; Frederick & Nelson.

IN TOWN SOON: WHIT

VENUS SHOTS PREDICTED Saving the snake

NEW HAIR – ALL
ONE WAVE LENGTH

WHEN IN DOUBT: TURQUOISE

Earring
THE USED
T-BIRDS

CATAMARANS AFLOAT

IS THE SEAGRAM BUILDING TURNING GREEN?

The tunic dress revived

alse autumns – made by air conditioner

The return
of bunker
billiards

SU
ST
air-born
on plan



LUTE SALES BOOMING

...about the new

ZY PARKER WUZ HERE

R·I·P·E·D STOCKINGS

meat-music: live entertainment

s to Puerto Rico

LIPSTICK

WHITENING

Goya's nude maja in Hollywood

THE GIRL ON PAGE 81

DICK

Who has Japanese WEDDING STAMPS

HE PASTEL

BEIRUT—

DAMASCUS

AND RETURN

CLARK

TEEN DEAN

GOLF SHOE

VIC TANNEY'S GYM AND HEALTH CLUB

THE POETRY of Blake read by Sir Ralph Richardson

tunic flare-up

KAREN RADKAI

The word around on tunics is: to a dress, they've never been more engagingly woman-angled. Belts, little waists, skirts with new dimensions are the tunic talking-points—have been, in fact, since the Paris Collections. **Tunic sweep,** *far left:* Black silk shantung dress with a fine sense of the times—shoulder-tipping collar, flared tunic and skirt, a waist that looks as though an eighteen-inch span of belt would be leather to spare. (Here, with plaid and straw, it's city-day, but a little white organdie hat, strippy sandals, would edge it into the five-and-on category.) By Harvey Berin; about $125. Trifari bracelet—wide, chunky. Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz. **Cloche tunic,** *near left:* A dress to make a beeline for if you think that a black dress ought to have more than just blackness to say for itself. This much news, for instance—belled out tunic with a coat-supply of buttons, patent leather belt, a jot of sheathiness where the bell rings off. By Samuel Winston, in silk-and-mohair; about $125. Nettie Rosenstein handbag. Both: Lord & Taylor. Dress, also Hudson's; I. Magnin. Shoes by Fiancée. Hats, these two pages, by Sally Victor.

HONG KONG

Is Pay TV the Answer?

THE DOG RIVER TOUR from Tripoli

Pre-1873

MADEIRA.

7 bottles, $11(

SILK PLYING
THE SWEATER TRADE

THE RENAULT CARAVELLE

BABY

Luniks and Lun

BIGGER JEWELL

"Mi Bella Dama," the Spanish "My Fair Lady"

Softer

portable, inflatable

HOUSE

Brass buttons on whit

Brass buttons on beig

BETTER BRIDGE BID

"LOOK FORWARD IN

acupu

DOG HOSPITALIZATION INSURANC

CIGARS

...about the rising cotton employment

k Hiltons
ERY BOXES
Sun reflectors
big enough
for two to tan
chic
sports dinghie
FLOATS
Etruscan masks
at a masked ball
EMBROID RED
DING SYSTEM
ANGER"
acture

CLIP, CLIP, CLIP: SHORTER
SWEATERS, BATHING SUITS, SHORTS

BOGUS
EYELASHES
"I GO APE'
LEFT-HANDED
checkbooks

GOLD JEWELLERY
HUSH
RECORDS
Short white evening dresses

The thing to look for in cotton now is, simply, everything. Cotton makes the racy new plaid of coat across the page; makes the longer-jacketed suit news at left. Cotton, as you'll see if you flick through this issue, is causing some of the most articulate clothes talk around.
Shorter-sleeved coat, *far left:* Coat for the woman who doesn't believe in relaxing her coat-standards even in summer—brown and white cotton in a colossal version of the plaid known as Glen. The slick of sheath that goes under it: unsleeved brown Irish linen. Both, by Adele Simpson (the coat, of Onondaga fabric); about $185; Nettie Rosenstein necklace. All at Bergdorf Goodman. The costume, also at Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Polka dots to wear fearlessly with plaid now: beige and white silk turban; by Sally Victor. Shoes by Hill and Dale. The white cotton gloves: Hansen.
Longer-jacket suit, *directly left:* This hip-sheathing length of jacket was Paris talk. In America, in summer, it's news this way—greige cotton with clipped-off sleeves, off-the-collar-line collar. By Anthony Blotta; $200. Sally V hat. Both: Bonwit Teller. Suit: Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. Lucille handbag. Palizzio shoes.

KAREN RADKAI

. . . about

White cashmere-and-wool coat with the it-looks-simple knack of topping silk or tweeds equally well. It's worn here, tie-sashed and silkily, by an Indianapolis beauty, Wendell Adams. Coat, by Brittany; Stroock fabric. About $185. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's.

WENDELL ADAMS

the white-coat manner-cinched



To buckle on: kidskin coat, eggshell-colour. Wearing scheme is—soft hair, the gentlest make-up you can put on. All worn here by Barbara Rush who will play opposite Paul Newman, this year's beefcake beau, in the coming movie, *The Philadelphian*. Coat by Samuel Robert in Brazilian kidskin. About $185. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Gloves by Superb: Bonwit Teller.

BARBARA RUSH

PALUMBO

AUDREY HEPBURN in "Green Mansions"



Audrey Hepburn as Rima, the enchanting Guiana jungle girl, in this new movie adapted from W. H. Hudson's classic novel.

Doctor Zhivago"

The multiplication of this novel's success, now even in Japanese, Hebrew, Portuguese, and Swedish.

"Open Mind"

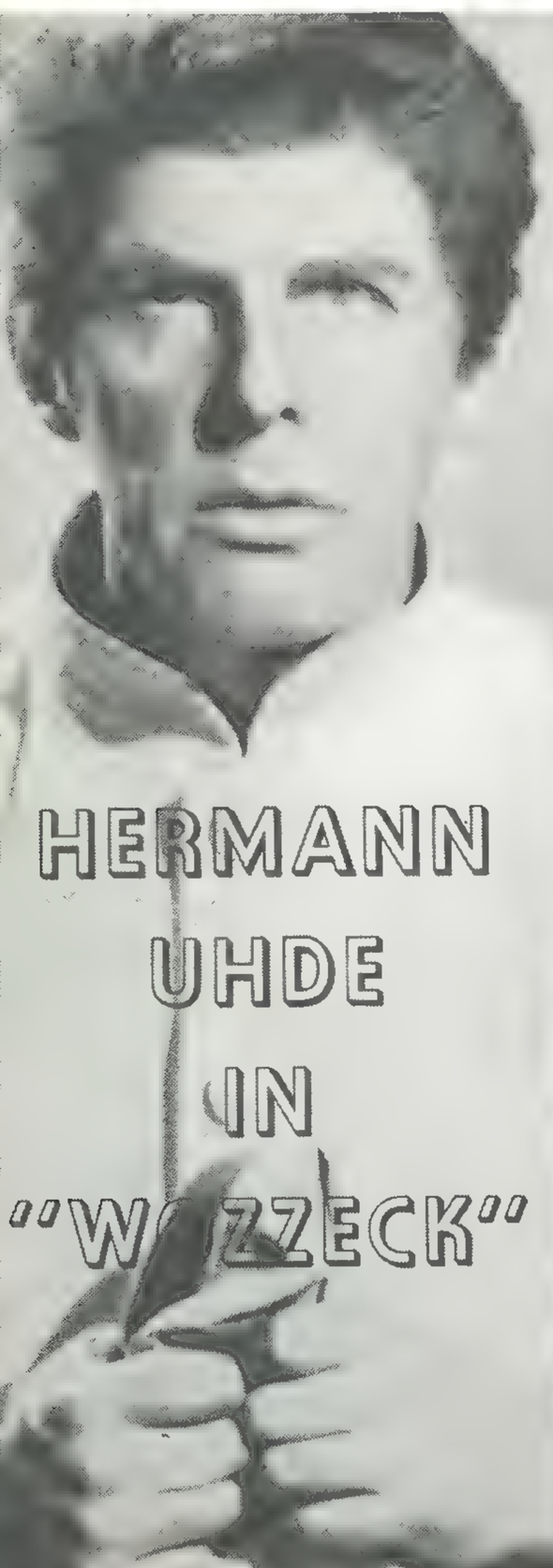
The come-on of the word "open," particularly for television discussion panels on which almost everyone displays closed, weather-stripped minds and an inability to quit talking.

Guggenheim Museum— Frank Lloyd Wright

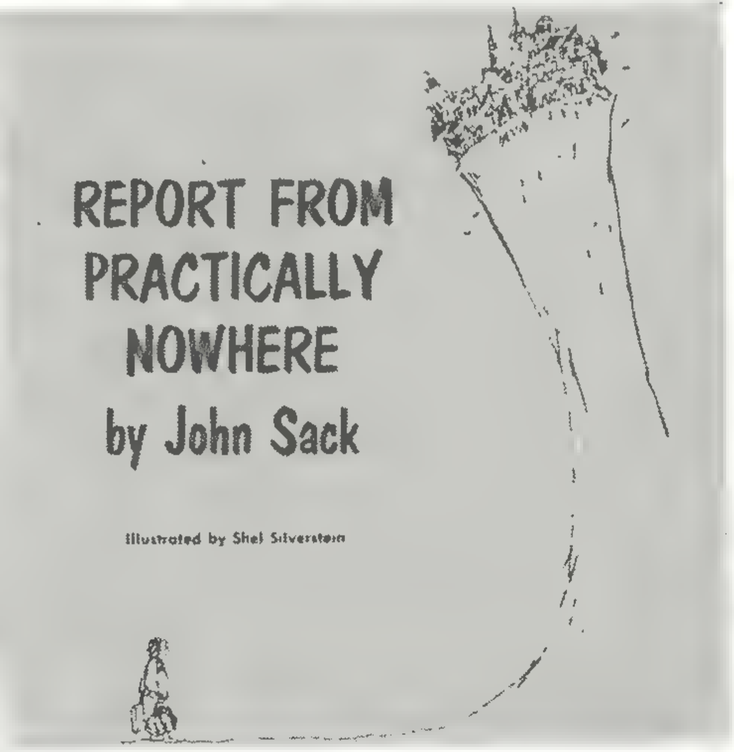
The first Wright building in New York City; new, spiralled, unique.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

This travel book of amusing, documented gossip.



HERMANN UHDE IN "WOZZECK"



The superb voice of Uhde as the harassed, compulsive Wozzeck in the Berg opera.



The beauty of this folk dancing —not as sexy as the ads—but entrancing and often dignified



The further exploration of corruption in this powerfully acted play.

The Trial of Dr. Adams

BY SYBILLE BEDFORD

The tension in this report, the observations of a magnificent novelist.

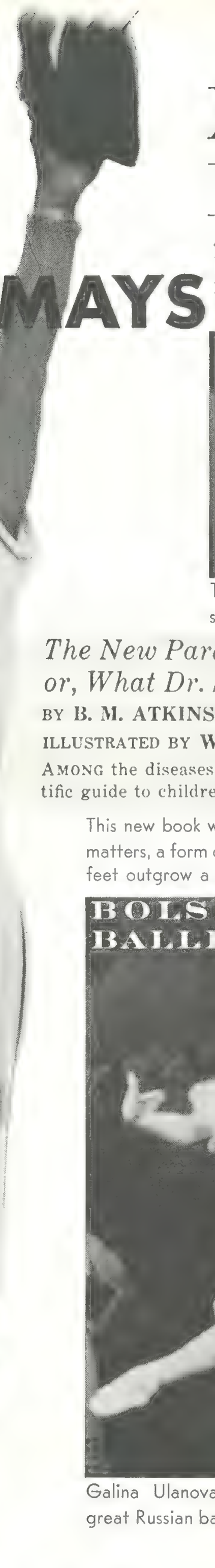
"DEAR LIAR"

KATHARINE CORNELL *as Mrs. Patrick Campbell*
BRIAN AHERNE *as George Bernard Shaw*



This new play, based on the letters for forty years between Shaw and Mrs. Pat.

WILLIE MAYS



William Russo, whose symphony, *The Titans*, jazz-born and classical, will be played this month by Leonard Bernstein and the N. Y. Philharmonic.

MOSCOW FAIR

At this great Fair, Russians will see, projected on 7 screens, each 30 feet by 20 feet, 2,400 colour photographs of U.S. scenes and people, in 12 minutes.



The wit of Mort Sahl who drives himself as though he were a mule train.

The New Parents' Survival Kit or, What Dr. Spock Didn't Tell Us

BY **B. M. ATKINSON, JR.**

ILLUSTRATED BY **WHITNEY DARROW, JR.**

AMONG the diseases described in this vital if unscientific guide to children's ailments are: Traitor's Throat

This new book which describes, among other matters, a form of gigantism in which a child's feet outgrow a pair of $10 shoes overnight.



Galina Ulanova, the forty-nine-year-old great Russian ballerina, star of the Bolshoi.

DON'T GET PERCONEL WITH A CHICKEN

H. Allen Smith

Smith's ridiculous and funny collection of children's writings, about to be published by Little, Brown.



Hermione Gingold and Polly Bergen in *First Impressions*, a new Burrows musical comedy, based rather loosely on Jane Austen's novel, *Pride and Prejudice*.

Baseball again; the Yankees, the Braves, the Giants, the Pirates.

The enormous success of this 6:30 A.M. TV educational program.

"Continental CLASSROOM



THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT

by Jacques Barzun

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

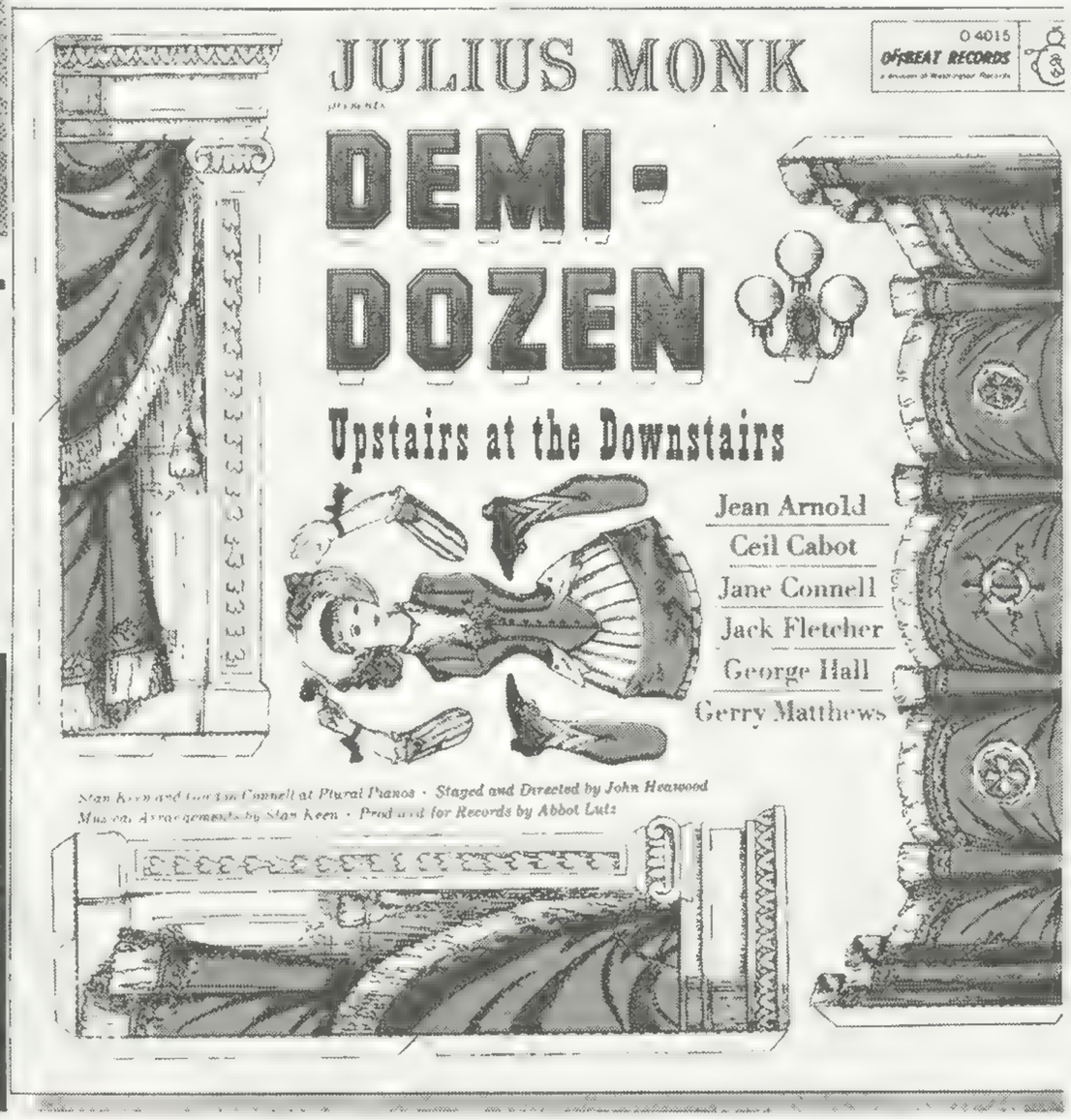
The War Memoirs of Charles de Gaulle: Unity 1942-1944

The superbly written memories of the President of France.

COMMUNITY TALENT SEARCH,

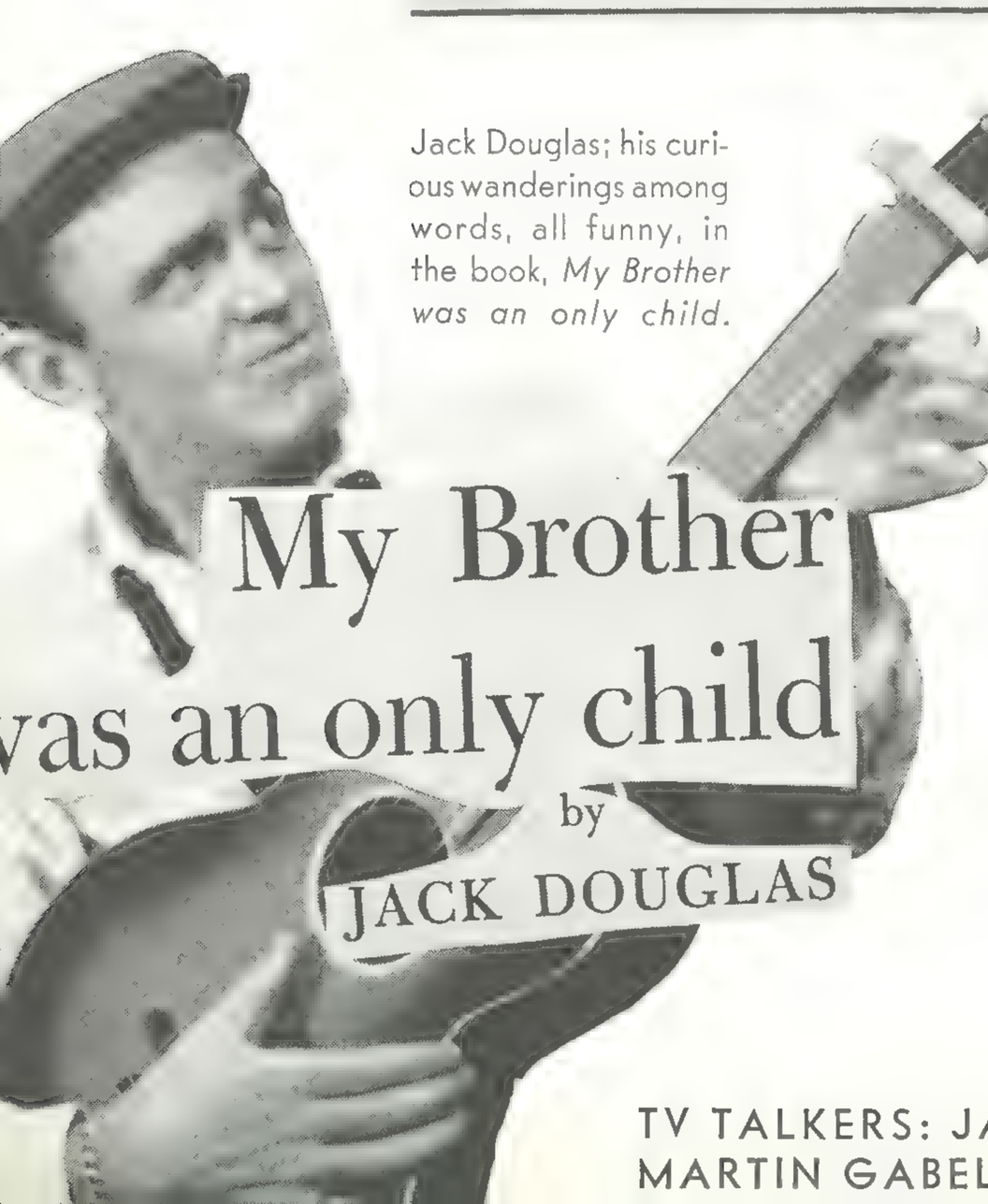
These Barzun essays, one of them published in Vogue (February 1, 1959), plumb the ignorance of the educated.

This unique work, now started in some N.Y. City public schools, helps educate the financially poor students, by giving more guidance, more cultural exposure, more impetus towards college; has spread to some other cities.



In a Victorian-looking, packed night place, sharp jokes and satirical songs.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
BERNSTEIN CONDUCTING



Jack Douglas; his curious wanderings among words, all funny, in the book, *My Brother was an only child.*

My Brother was an only child

by

JACK DOUGLAS



Zao Wou-Ki, one of eightcontemporaries in the new exhibition, "School of Paris: the internationals," at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis.

TV TALKERS: JACK PARR, MIKE WALLACE, MARTIN GABEL, ED MURROW, ALEX KING.

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COSTARRING GEORGE RAFT · PAT O'BRI

ILYN MONROE

her bosom companions

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JOE E.
N · BROWN · SCREEN PLAY BY BILLY WILDER and I. A. L. DIAMOND · DIRECTED BY BILLY WILDER

PICTURE • A Mirisch Company Presentation Released thru UA United Artists

Marilyn Monroe and pals, superbly funny, wise in every wiggle.

meta

Metropolitan Educational Television Association.

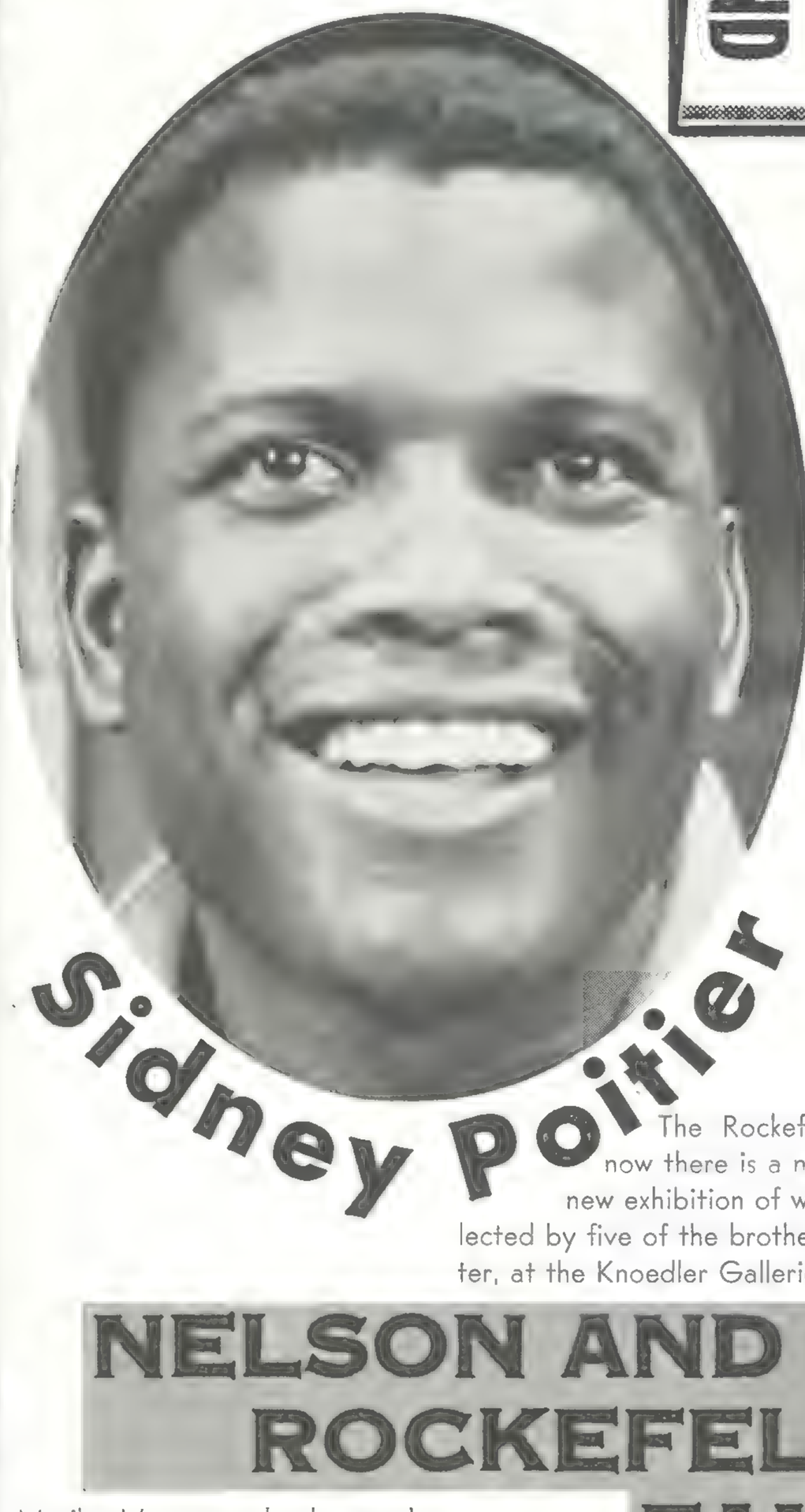
"A Majority of One"



Brilliant Alliance: Gertrude Berg, as an entrancing, dignified Brooklynite, Sir Cedric Hardwicke as an austerely charming Japanese.

David Susskind, co-producer of *Rashomon*, free-for-all talker, takes any subject.

10:00 PM OPEN END with David SUSSKIND



Sidney Poitier, impelling star of the play, *A Raisin in the Sun;* equally brilliant in the movie, *The Defiant Ones.*

Sidney Poitier

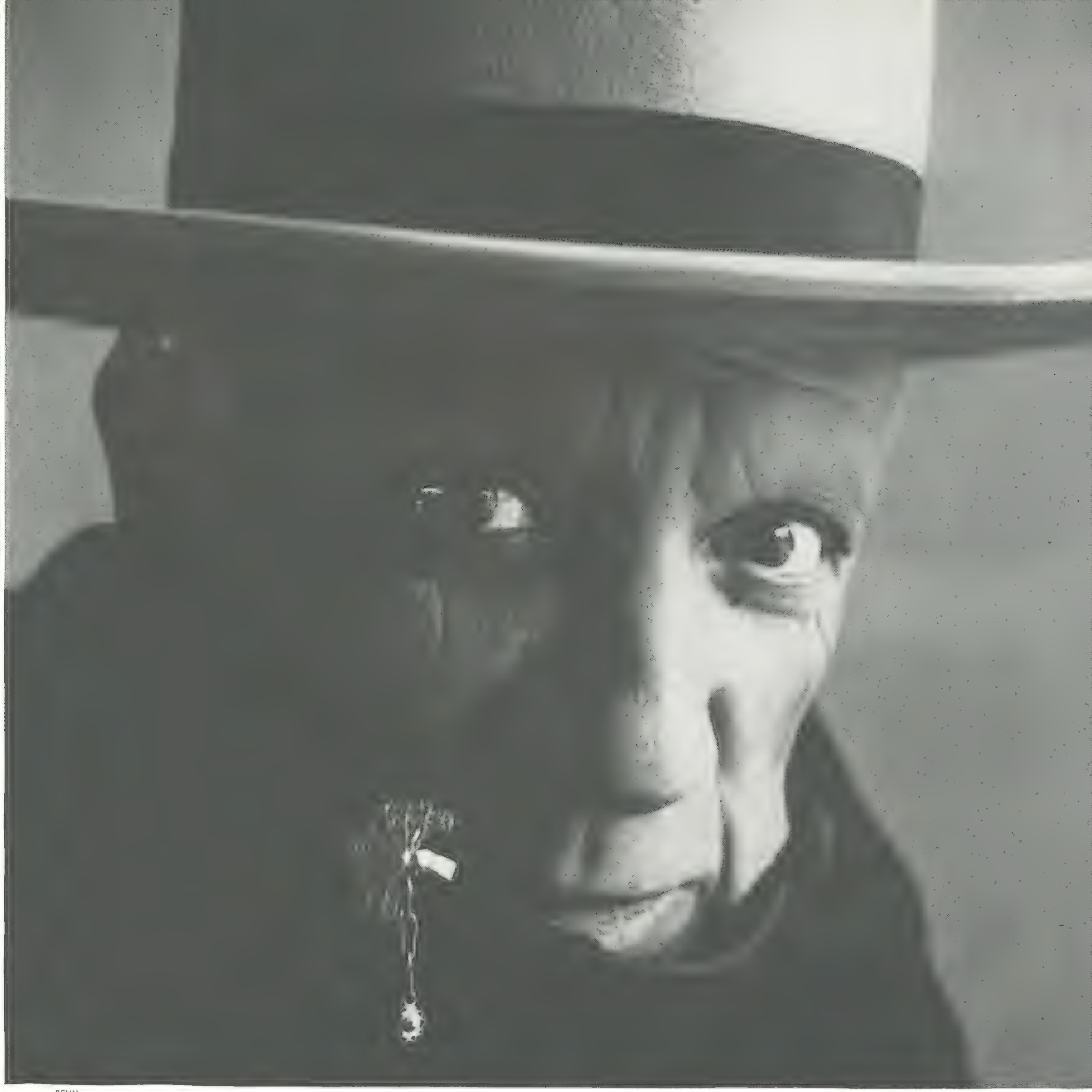
The Rockefellers as usual: now there is a new book: and a new exhibition of works of art, collected by five of the brothers and their sister, at the Knoedler Galleries in New York.

NELSON AND THE ROCKEFELLER FAMILY

William Manchester

RUDOLPH BURCKHARDT

People are talking about... sculpture



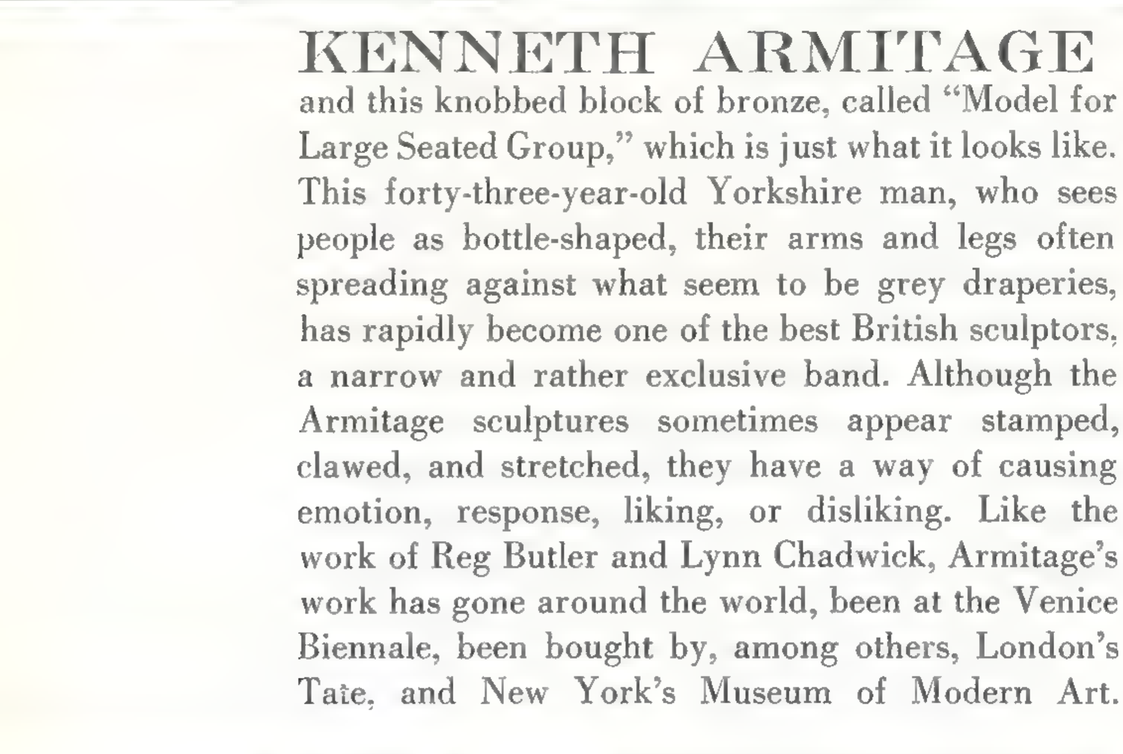
PENN

PICASSO AND HIS SIX BRONZE BATHERS

(which sounds like an old-time vaudeville act), are one of the great sculptural excitements of this year. Standing partly submerged in grey-white pebbles against a pale-blue, curved wall when shown at New York's Fine Arts Associates Gallery, the figures, ranging in colour from a rather mouldy green patina to a beautiful, dulled coppery shade, seemed monumental. They are as powerful in execution as the face of the sculptor who made them, seventy-eight-year-old Pablo Picasso, the greatest living painter. Wrapped to the lips in his black, braided Spanish cape, pinned in silver, Picasso posed for Penn. The result, a masterly photograph. Like the photograph, the bathers were done at the Cannes studio. There, Picasso playfully used the studio's odds and ends, broken sticks, two old frames, a broomstick; liked what he saw so much that he had the works cast in bronze, preserving carefully the look of grained wood. Now on exhibition at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the "Bathers," who look to some as though they had escaped from a concentration camp, to others like people—strong or delicate, stick-headed or melon-headed, tall, short, thin, young, old, sexed—are, in actuality, an extraordinarily moving group.

KENNETH ARMITAGE

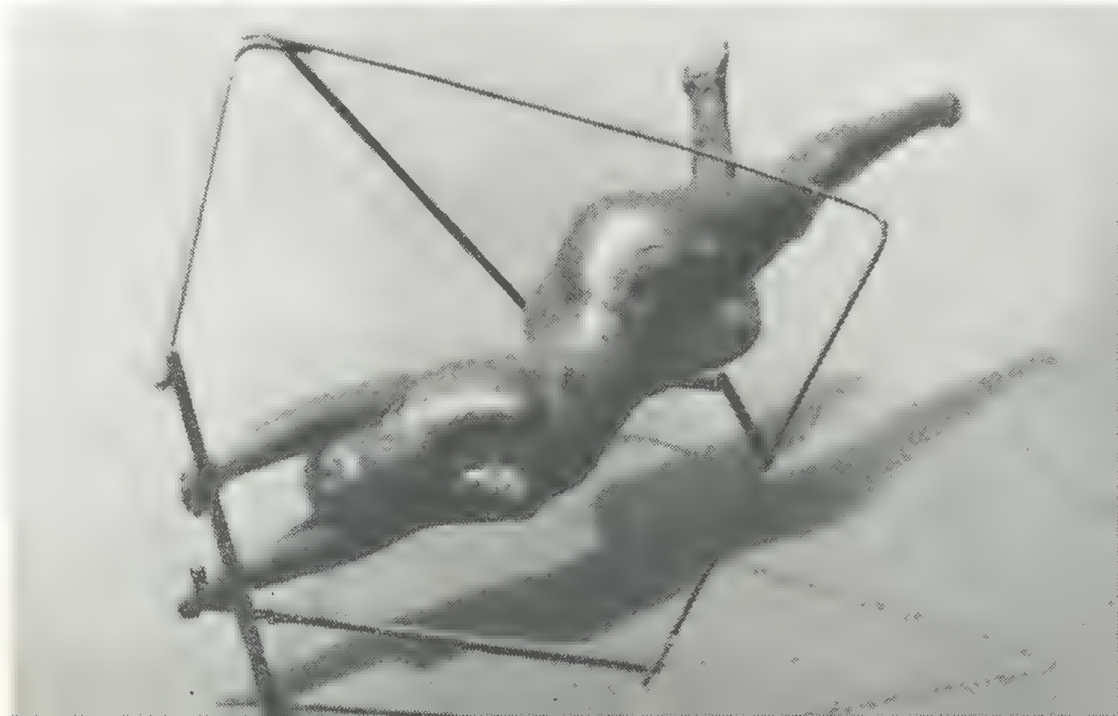
and this knobbed block of bronze, called "Model for Large Seated Group," which is just what it looks like. This forty-three-year-old Yorkshire man, who sees people as bottle-shaped, their arms and legs often spreading against what seem to be grey draperies, has rapidly become one of the best British sculptors, a narrow and rather exclusive band. Although the Armitage sculptures sometimes appear stamped, clawed, and stretched, they have a way of causing emotion, response, liking, or disliking. Like the work of Reg Butler and Lynn Chadwick, Armitage's work has gone around the world, been at the Venice Biennale, been bought by, among others, London's Tate, and New York's Museum of Modern Art.



REG BUTLER

and his golden-bronze, swinging "Figure in Space," free as a woman on a flying trapeze. This sensuous sculpture is the antithesis of the burdened women mourning "The Unknown Political Prisoner," the bronze that made Butler famous in 1953 when it won him an International Competition and started an explosive controversy. (There is a plan to place a tall copy of "The Prisoner" high on a Berlin hill, a sentinel and reminder on the East-West border.) Butler, once an architect, has had great recognition, partly because his work is easy to understand—women, standing, stretching, bending, always in tension, always showing strength, action, expression.

COLL., MR. AND MRS. RALPH F. COLIN



PENN

People are talking about . . . British sculptors



LYNN CHADWICK with his angular, balanced, "Conjunction V," an iron and concrete example of his preoccupation with the torso, which he sees as heavy, solid, sharpened to angles. A Fleet Air Arm pilot in the Second World War, he was born at the start of the first, became an architectural draughtsman, started his life as a sculptor in 1948. Then, he produced mobiles—unpredictable, jerky, turbulent. In time his work became more solid, natural, and, in fact more concerned with the human figure. Spectacularly, he won the 1956 Venice Biennale International award, only six years after his first exhibition. (In 1953, he, too, won a prize in the "Unknown Political Prisoner" sculpture competition.) Now, forty-five and living among the green Cotswold Hills, Chadwick has changed from his "balanced sculptures" with their swinging interiors, to complex, solid, unforgettable figures.

Kay Kendall– fashion nonchalant

Lithe, dazzling, and offbeat, Kay Kendall —who, as every woman knows, is in private life Mrs. Rex Harrison—gives the impression of throwing fashion away, yet somehow getting quite wonderful effects. In England and America, she became a limelight actress when she played the trumpet, doggedly and well, in the movie, *Genevieve*, which also gave her a chance to stroll leggily behind a giant furry dog and collapse her elegant length in a variety of classic cars…The legginess, the length are, in fact, pivots for her fashion personality off-screen. So is the famous Kay Kendall mouth—sensitive, amused—the wide brows, faintly challenging nose, all in proportions that might have been prescribed by a sculptor's rule on modelling heads. For her life in London, where the Harrisons have taken a house in Cheyne Walk, she concentrates on suit looks for day—mainly in the Chanel manner; night looks based on skirts and tops translated into grand luxe fabrics. Her coats follow, almost invariably, the lines of the Balmain trench coat in which she is photographed here. This one is gold lamé, but she has the same shape in mink, camel's hair, even white leather. With the gold lamé, she especially likes to wear a short toffee-brown chiffon evening dress, bought in Rome, and a great topaz pin… Miss Kendall's other line of fashion country appears, in prototype, at the far right, where she is wearing a coffee-coloured Hartnell suit called, by sheer coincidence, she says, "Mrs. Henry Higgins." Like the three new Chanel suits, which will be her birthday present from Rex Harrison this year, it has instincts of purest cardigan.

TONY ARMSTRONG JONES



The clothes talk... the beauty word

The ripple of berthas . . . the giant wave of pleats . . . the return of tunics with credit to Ricci and the Paris tunic suits, the jackets belted, then flaring well below the hips, with paper-bag pockets. . . .
The little-black-dress jewels that Mrs. Sidney Lumet—whose stage name is Gloria Vanderbilt—wears with her gold-threaded white sari: strands of pearls as base necklace; over it, a diamond chain with pearl drop. . . .
The great becomingness of the Duchess of Windsor's bright brown hair in a new brushed coiffure, worn soft and rather full, turned silkily into wings at the temples, brushed high off the brow; the wonderful length of her pearl-circled neck. . . .
The number of new chromed, carpeted gyms finding themselves listed in smart women's address books under the heading: "beauty salons." The unexpectedly soccer-team phrase "workout at the gym" as a new excuse for not being able to lunch hugely these spring days. In Paris, instead of gyms, *clubs*. . . .
Wig wardrobes keeping the wig blocks at the coiffeurs' busy and the where-will-it-end poser (Madame Tallien, the wife of the French Revolution's chief executioner and among the first in post-Revolutionary Paris to wear her clothes Directoire style—draped together rather than sewn—gloried in a collection of thirty wigs. Propped on each one, a little "wig hat" cut like a long-billed jockey cap). . . .
New diamond-ing: Mrs. Eric Loder's chain of diamonds hung with one colossal diamond drop. . . .
Mrs. Loel Guinness' necklace of cabochon emeralds strung with diamonds, which she wore at a recent opening, with a black silk crêpe dress, square at the neckline, short-skirted. . . .
Eighteenth-century diamonds, a huge iced spray worn by Princess Grace Radziwill on the New York stop of her Nassau trip; they came from the famous jeweller, Phillips of London. . . .
The number of women wearing all the elements of make-up, all the time, without a trace of theatrics. . . .
Bikini bathing suits (should you be a bone to wear one, or should there be a bit of flesh on that bone?) . . .
Paulette's series of berets, French silk and soufflé-ish, printed in roses, greens, yellows: these, in red-splashed white taffeta, bought by Mrs. Gary Cooper for California, Mrs. Perle Mesta for Washington. . . .
Jamaica dresses due to summer here—cotton of a single smash colour, long-sleeved, sashed, slip-short. . . .
Suitcase-d in from India, the newest bracelet—and the oldest: ritual beads hung with tassels, purple among the most striking; all of them looking happily Chanel-crossed.
. . . From New York and San Francisco shops, Chinese dresses, short, shapely, with plain little mandarin collars rather than frogged ones.
The prettiest in silk damask threaded in the same colour—rose, poison-yellow, white. . . .
The soundness of this Nietzsche quotation revived in Anne Fogarty's new book, *Wife-Dressing:* "Has a woman who knew she was well dressed ever caught cold? No!"

PAMELA CHARLES in grey chiffon, *opposite*. A tall blond girl with a no-fooling English complexion and the kind of round-bony prettiness that cuts clean across to second balconies and standing-room audiences, Pamela Charles is New York's third Fair Lady (but not, as she makes scrupulously clear—reeling off the Doolittle genealogy from Mrs. Campbell on—anything like the third Eliza). Also, apart from the fact that she's English, brews tea-bag tea on her dressing-room hot plate, and plays in a Cockney accent that's aimed mainly at the American plain, she considers herself completely different from earlier musicalized Elizas. Being told so by the show's stage manager is her favourite compliment to date. As for her audiences—they all have the proper way of breaking into applause when "she's got it," and there is an audible ripple of pleasure at the sight of Pamela-Eliza transformed. Here, looking very much as she does then, Pamela Charles wears a rose-moored grey chiffon evening dress that trails—besides a stole and yards of drapery—an unmistakable Fair-Ladyish aura. This to order, from the Custom Made Salon at Bonwit Teller. Liparé grey satin slippers: Bonwit Teller. Diamonds from Harry Winston.





Heart to heart talk

Here, two charmers who will add "heart" to this year's great benefit ball for the Heart Fund, which will be held on April 28 at New York's Plaza Hotel. Among the perennial American loves on hand as guests of honour will be:

MYRNA LOY, right, who holds what must surely be an American movie record for playing women who are both married and adorable. Now in *Lonelyhearts*, a tidied up screen version of the Nathanael West novel, she is again a wife, but misunderstood—and made up to seem far less interesting than the ravishing reality. Which is, simply: the incredibly murmury voice, the burbled laugh, the red-gold hair. Confronted by the Asta stand-in in the photograph, Miss Loy expertly palmed a "Dog Yummie," and said with the characteristic lift of eyebrows, the smiley twist of lips, "I've spent my life doing this." . . . In fact, aside from the movies, she has spent some important time working for the U.N.—originally as an appointee of Dean Acheson's to the U. S. Commission for UNESCO. Her dress here is black chiffon, with a jacket of white silk brocade. Leslie Morris design. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Jewels: Van Cleef & Arpels.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, left, who is now appearing "live" in Broadway's *Marriage-Go-Round*. A small woman of big enchantment, Miss Colbert has the enamouring kind of vivacity that rises from a naturally trigger-happy mind. Behind vast mantrap eyes, it clicks away nonstop, efficient as a Diesel, but quieter. Her conversation is sureshot. Her hands, small, with an unexpected look of competence—which may go far to explain the fact that, besides being a good Sunday painter, she also washes, cuts, sets, and highlights her own hair; blends her own eye shadow, a mix of brown and grey; and has a thorough knowledge of the mechanics of clothes. She wears, in this photograph, a short evening dress of blue and green organza over peau de soie, a coat of the same fabric. By Sophie, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Sapphire and diamond-go-round: by Van Cleef & Arpels.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL



Literary sex

As far back as I can remember, I have always loved to read about love. I had scarcely ceased worrying about the cruelties inflicted on Sarah Crewe by the pinch-mouthed Miss Minchin and the weird experiences of the Princess and Curdie in the goblin world, when I took up the pursuit of love in literature with the fervour of an archaeologist digging for artifacts. I soon found that the kind of artifacts I sought were far more accessible in such novels as *Lavender and Old Lace, The Rosary,* and *The Professor* than in the earnestly recommended works of Scott and Dickens. I would not like, even now, to admit how often I returned to the scene, in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame,* in which Esmeralda sat on the soldier's knee. Had I been writing that scene myself, I would have preferred to put the soldier on his knees at Esmeralda's feet, but there was in the brief encounter between them enough indescribable and undescribed excitement to make me tremble. When Fantine, in *Les Misérables,* after selling her beautiful hair to buy food for her child, was reduced to selling herself, I learned the word prostitute, and although, upon inquiry, I was told by my mother that prostitutes were women who got beaten, I remained convinced for some time that theirs was a beautiful and exciting profession.

At seventeen, still hot for certainties about love, but having by now at least a potential stake in it myself, I stumbled upon *The Green Hat,* and felt that I had found my answer. It was even better to die for love than to live for it, and if to be able to drive into a tree in a Hispano-Suiza was beyond my reach, I would, after having had one supreme love affair, settle for suicide—if necessary, in the family Ford.

This is merely to indicate that I did not start life as a prudish reader. Nor am I now, in the late August of the kind of life generally, if absurdly, described as "full," a prude. I have never ceased to be vulnerable to the printed word, and if my vulnerability was not always to the loftiest and noblest word, I do not believe that in this I am an exception. Not many people, I fancy, taking the readers of the world as a whole, find their dreams and desires and experiences more nearly corroborated by Euripides than by Colette, by Confucius than by Han Suyin, by St. Augustine than by Somerset Maugham. For, alas, the distinguished mind is rare (if it were not, it would have no distinction), and all but a happy few of us are inescapably personal, inescapably subjective readers who judge the verisimilitude of books by the extent to which they dovetail with what we ourselves have found out about life.

As a subjective, "common" reader then, I must make the unqualified statement that I no longer find either my dreams, my desires, or my experiences corroborated in the new literature about love. Nor can the praise of the highbrow critics and serious writers either stay or comfort me, for I am sick of it. If, as these chroniclers seem to want us to believe, love is a matter of buttons and zippers and straps, of hasty fumblings, alcoholic slumber, and rude awakening; if love is a succession of uneasy betrayals, a murderous obsession, or an intolerable itch; if love is no more than a laboratory for scientific experiment, then the men and women, both in and out of literature, who have celebrated its joys and bemoaned its griefs over the centuries with such matchless intensity have all been fools; then sexual love is a hoax.

Perhaps it is a hoax. Perhaps Tristram and Iseult, Dante and Beatrice, Petrarch and Laura, Abélard and Héloïse, Romeo and Juliet were mere victims of aberration, fit candidates for analysis. If they had been mature and realistic, they would each have found a satisfactory partnership with someone else and avoided all that superfluous suffering. And as for Philemon and Baucis, it was probably just their humdrum lack of initiative or their lower than average I.Q. that kept them faithful to one another unto death.

Various theories have been proffered in justification of the current mode of presenting sexual love in literature. The most widely accepted of these rationalizations is that our writers are reflecting the general revolt against puritanism. Much has been made, with the help of psychiatry, of the damage done to the human personality by the inhibitions created in the Victorian era when the men who longed to see above a woman's ankles had to seek that satisfaction in loose company and the women who longed to be coveted by a man had to pay for the repression of their longings with migraines and megrims. All this hypocrisy, so the argument runs, engendered a furtive, overheated, and sickly interest in love. We

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Virgilia Peterson, a tall, handsome woman with a clear-cut profile and clear-cut opinions based on both prejudice and sense, has spoken to many library associations all over the East and the Mid-West, talking about books. They are her subject. She won the George Foster Peabody award for her radio program, "Books in Profile," fought with restraint on the television program, "The Author Meets the Critic," wrote the book,* Polish Profile, *after her flight from the Nazis with her two children in 1939. (New book expert for the new Mike Wallace* TV *program, she will talk this week about National Library Week.) In her grey-green living room, warm and easy, there stands a curious bell, known among her friends as "Virgilia's Freedom Bell." Engraved with sentimental messages in all the Iron Curtain languages, it was given to her by her colleagues on Radio Free Europe.*

BY VIRGILIA PETERSON



FRANCIS MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

were assured that if only sex were out in the open, together with its legs and longings, there would be far less prying and far fewer people would go astray. Sexual love would be taken for granted; obsession with sex would disappear. When the last gun of the revolt had been fired, when the last corseted desire had been freed, sex was to assume its important, but not necessarily pre-eminent, place in the social scheme.

The revolt took place; the echo of its last gunfire has paled away. We are free, freer to talk and read about sex than perhaps any other society. Yet the obsession has not disappeared. On the contrary, from having been a matter of individual prying and peeping, it has become a mass phenomenon. It is not upon the faces, but upon the uniformly bulging figures of the girls on the covers of our magazines that hungry eyes are riveted. Indeed, in many advertisements, the face is omitted altogether on the assumption, undoubtedly correct, that the sight of a female bosom outlined against setting sun or rising moon, will be enough. It would be quixotic to suppose that mere intellectual curiosity induces hundreds of people to wait in line outdoors on a cold night to buy a ticket for a film starring an actress whose contours have established her fame. It would be absurd to call the newspapers ingenuous when the sex scandals they persist in exploiting make their circulation go up by leaps and bounds. There can be no doubt that, freed from the shackles of puritanism, we are nonetheless hypnotized by the idea of sex, if not by sex itself. That it is fully as much an obsession of the educated as of the uneducated is proved by public reaction to books in which sex is the leitmotiv. I do not refer here to scientific books about how to make marriage succeed (though the abundance of these may have some relevance), nor to the notorious reports on private American mores, but to novels, novels about love, specifically novels presumed to have a serious intent.

Once a reputation for explicitness in sex has been established either for an author or for a particular book, it is almost impossible to stem the tide of interest, as publishers have learned to their profit. Not long ago, in the process of talking to some four thousand women on two successive days in the rich suburb of a Middle Western city, I undertook to deflate, to the best of my ability, a novel about love in Hollywood by one of our most successful younger writers. The main burden of my complaint was that this book was an unmitigated bore. I had no sooner returned to my hotel than I received telephone calls from both the owner of the local bookstore and the head of the local library. They were calling to tell me that there was a run on the book I had tried to damn. If the object of the revolt against puritanism in literature was to prove that frank discussion of sexual love would diminish our concern with it, that revolt has been a flop.

I do not quarrel with even an exaggerated concern for love, however, since that is all too natural, but rather with the new face that love is being given in modern fiction. Desire, illicit or otherwise, is no more new to literature than it is to life, nor is adultery. Sex is not always accompanied by love or, for that matter, love by sex, as we all know to our sorrow, any more than sex is always sad and love always happy. A literature that ignored these facts would fail to reflect life as it is, and would therefore fail as literature.

But let us consider, briefly, the manner of sexual love in a few of what are commonly accepted by the literate world as masterpieces. Emma Bovary, for instance, whose mere existence between the pages of a book stirred up a scandal in Flaubert's France, was impaled by her creator for her falsely romantic sensuality with a realism no one who has read the novel can forget, but we are not told, and do not need to be told, how many petticoats she had to remove and what sounds she emitted in her lover's arms. In another great story of sexual love, a story just as realistic as *Madame Bovary* though more sympathetic, Tolstoy describes the adultery of Anna Karénina without crudely invading her privacy or stripping her unhappy love to its purely instinctual, and hence irrelevant, gestures. We know beyond the shadow of a doubt that Becky Sharp in *Vanity Fair* was engaged in a shady sexual shenanigan, but Thackeray never compels us to watch her in *flagrante delictu*. Few women in fiction have been more mercilessly avid for sexual love than Eustacia Vye in *The Return of the Native*, and no reader of sensibility could miss the passionate intensity of Eustacia's trysts with Wildeve, but Thomas Hardy knew, as the great writers about *(Continued on page 119)*



Looking like bells, mushrooms, or cloud caps, sleeves and sleeve-deep berthas are making fashion news. On these four pages, the sleeve story is brought into a pretty new focus. *This page:* Floating sleeves on a dress with a good many other points—black dots on the white chiffon, a forward-bowed patent leather belt, a late-day and evening schedule now through August. By David Levine, in Couture silk. About $90, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Wm. H. Block; Meier & Frank. *Right:* Stiffened cape-like sleeves on a beige textured silk dress worn with a belt; an interesting new spacing of jewels; hair in a tipped-up cut. Lunches in town in the summer, or little dinners, for that matter, are the natural element for this look. Ben Barrack dress, about $55. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. The bracelet by Schiaparelli.


The sleeve
other sleeves
are talking
about



More sleeve talk



RAWLINGS

Left: Dress to wear when the day in town starts quite late in the afternoon—black textured silk, a bertha in lieu of sleeves; great becomingness. By Pattullo-Jo Copeland, in Chardon-Marché fabric. About $160. Later this month at Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Frost Bros. Kidskin gloves by Fuchs, also at Bergdorf Goodman. *This page:* At top, black silk tissue faille dress that stems two papery flower-bowls of sleeves. We can't think of any place this late-day dress couldn't go with the right hat to take it. By Mollie Parnis, about $110. At Lord & Taylor; Woolf Brothers. Below, left: Black silk chiffon drapery accounts for the sleeves here, black silk crêpe underlining everything for the general shapeliness. By Hannah Troy, $110. Saks Fifth Avenue. Below, right: Black crêpe dinner dress, sleeves cascading from a neckline that would be severe in other dresses. By Harvey Berin, in Chardon-Marché crêpe of Avisco rayon and Celanese acetate. $60 at Bergdorf Goodman.







Clothes that get along with men—these men,

CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER & *EDWARD MULHARE*

Left: A new angle on black silk crêpe—a flounced dress, small-waisted, with a fichu neck. The faintly Satanic man who's holding the script for this is Christopher Plummer, a refreshingly stylish, un-beat young actor presently burning the brimstone in Archibald MacLeish's play, *J. B.* The dress by Jane Derby of Onondaga silk. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus. *Right:* Riding a TV cameraman's wagon—Traina-Norell's pleat-wave dress of black silk crêpe; no chicanery about the waistline. In the bicycle seat is Edward Mulhare, whose Professor Higgins in *My Fair Lady*—though greatly to his credit—fails to conceal an amiable, hereditary touch of Irish roguery. The dress and Hattie Carnegie rhinestone earrings: Henri Bendel. Dress, also at Wanamaker's, Phila., I. Magnin. Both pages: Delman shoes.

RAWLINGS



There is <u>so</u>

Dear Mr. Thurber:

Quite a little time ago, quite some years ago, to be exact, you wrote a piece, or perhaps a protest, called *There's an Owl in My Room.* Actually, it dealt more with pigeons which was all right with me. When you said there was no alas about a pigeon I was right with you, agreeing with every word. In fact I cut the piece out of *The New Yorker* in which it appeared and kept it, and dipped into it every now and then, just for sheer pleasure. There were special bits that I could quote from memory, but my favourite was one I now quote from the printed page: "You could dress up a pigeon in a tiny suit of evening clothes and put a tiny silk hat on his head and a tiny gold-headed cane under his wing and send him walking into my room at night. It would make no impression on me. I would not shout 'Good god a'mighty, the birds are in charge!' But you could send an owl into my room, dressed only in the feathers it was born with, and no monkey business, and I would pull the covers over my head and scream."

I cherished that. I used to say it over to myself every time I passed a pigeon, and chuckle.

Well, I've stopped chuckling, Mr. Thurber, because I don't feel like that any more, and I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but you were wrong about pigeons. They *can* take charge, and, so far as I am concerned, they have, and they are led by a small one who is a bright reddish colour. I will refer to him, from now on, as Homer.

Homer is in charge. I'll modify that. He may not be in charge of the world, but he is definitely in charge of me, and yet, that may be the world, too, because one of the actors in *Look Homeward, Angel* points out that there is no world; that a person is the world, and if I'm a person, which up to now I have thought more or less probable, then I'm the world and if Homer is in charge of me, then—I'm terribly sorry, I'm upset, and that makes me sound confused. Well, if it comes to that, I *am* confused. All I know for certain right now is that my own world is chaos and all because of a small red pigeon who looks like James Cagney, and behaves like him, too. Not Mr. Cagney in private life, but Mr. Cagney in *Public Enemy No. 1.* Homer walks like James Cagney, squares off like James Cagney, and any day now he's going to fly in and push a grapefruit in my face.

Maybe I had better begin at the beginning. It might be easier for you, and I might be calmer that way.

The beginning was two years ago when I heard they were going to tear down the nice low brownstone houses next door to me and put up a very high apartment building. It was going to cut off a lot of light and sun and a pretty nice view from my bedroom window, but I resigned myself. It's a changing world, anyway, and liable to go up in flames at any moment, so the loss of a view seemed a small matter. The one thing that bothered me was that the new apartments would be so close that I would be practically sharing them with their tenants, including their radios, hi-fi's, and television programs; in other words, I thought it was going to be noisy, but my husband said in two years we would probably be dead, so not to worry about the noise *now* for pity's sake, so I didn't. I lived through the building and the tearing up of Beekman Place and the DIG WE MUST signs that I was always walking into, and then last spring we went abroad, and when we came back the apartment house was up and my bedroom was dark and sunless as the grave, but Mr. Thurber, it was also as quiet because the new building is air-conditioned and all the windows are shut tight, and never a sound comes from behind them. I can't tell you how happy and relieved I was. I sang and whistled and everybody said how well I was looking, and then Homer moved in.

Now, 30 Beekman Place, where we live, is not air-conditioned, but many of the tenants have installed the kind that comes in boxes, as I understand it. These boxes jut out from the window sills, but they don't fit close. They leave narrow spaces on each side that are sheltered and cosy, and that's where Homer hangs out. That is also where he hangs his etchings, because he does not occupy these havens alone. He has a wide circle of acquaintances, and an inexhaustible list of addresses, and he starts entertaining with the first streak of dawn. That is not what concerns me. Homer's amours are his own business if he would just shut up about them. But he coos, Mr. Thurber, and the new apartment building makes a sort of well, and the acoustics are magnificent. So every daybreak it begins. Coo-oo-oo. Coo-oo-oo, with a rise in the second coo. Sharp, insistent, repetitious, and unceasing. At first, I just got up and shut my window, but that was a mistake, because it caught Homer's attention and he moved up one floor nearer to me. The next morning

alas about a pigeon

I shut my window, and then opened it again quickly and leaned out and said, "Shoo." I said a little more than that, actually, but "Shoo" was the idea. Homer's companion fluttered away, all girlish confusion, but Homer stood his ground. He didn't exactly reach for his gun but he gave me a long, appraising look. "O.K., sister, if that's the way you want it, that's how it's going to be." That's what the look meant, Mr. Thurber, but I still thought pigeons were just pigeons and I'm afraid I laughed. Did you ever see anyone laugh at James Cagney? Did you ever see the look they got in return? The narrowed eyes, the tight smile? Well, then you know what I got. Homer gave it to me, took one slow insolent circle, and wheeled off into the dawn.

Next morning he was back with everything planned, everything right on the line. His timing was perfect. First the cooing, then the flight, then the return, and the wise, cynical stare. I won't be tedious, but that went on until I realized I was playing into his hands, so I changed my tactics. I got ready a glass of water, and at the first coo I let him have it. Sure enough, off he went, shaking his wings, making the getaway *fast*.

And that's that, I thought. But, Mr. Thurber, it was not. The next dawn Homer was back, and this time he waited till I threw the water, side stepped it as it came, winked at his companion, and as one bird they moved to the conditioner just above my window, and you can't throw water *up*, Mr. Thurber, I soon found *that* out. Well, it went on like that, with Homer one jump ahead of me every minute. I tried throwing wads of wet newspaper, but all that got me was a complaint from a window cleaner who happened to be working outside an apartment just below.

So I decided to give Homer the silent treatment. Let him coo till he's black in the face, I decided, and we'll see what happens. What happened was that Homer got a stand-in. When Homer got tired the stand-in took over, and boy, was he hand-picked! Homer's note was bad enough, but at least it was firm. It had a certain *timbre*, a certain strength, but the stand-in, a disreputable piebald, had a coo that was low and depressed and whining. He sounded like a displaced mourning dove, and for all I know he may have been one. Homer had me hysterical, but the stand-in had me suicidal. And also helpless, Mr. Thurber. It wasn't like the old days when I had trouble with a chimpanzee. He lived in the apartment above me at 39 Fifth Avenue, and he used to go whoop-whoop-whoop-whoopwhoopwhoop-whooooooop on a rising note that had me rising with it. But I could have dealt with that, I could have had it moved out, or I could have moved out myself, because in those days there was always someplace to move *to*, but nowadays you're stuck. The chimpanzee trouble took care of itself anyway, because one day it just got quietly into a taxi with its owners, and they all went back to the jungle. But no one owns Homer, and there's no place for him to go back to, even if he wanted to go.

Right now, I'm pretty sure he just wants to stick around me, because he's taken me over, Mr. Thurber. He has sent out the word, and I'm surrounded. The gang is moving in. For the moment, they just coo and stay out of my reach, and laugh their heads off. But it's ominous, Mr. Thurber. They're taking it easy, but the day is coming when Homer is going to come in and lock the door and turn the radio up loud. I'm a marked woman, Mr. Thurber, and if Homer walked in right now in the feathers he was born in, I wouldn't just scream, I'd yell bloody murder. And that's why I'm writing you before it's too late. I have heard that the one thing that terrifies a pigeon is an owl. I have heard that an owl scares the living daylights out of a pigeon, and I can not help feeling that if *anyone* can contact an owl, you can. So, please would you use your influence and have one come over and police my window? It's in the back, and it's the one without an air conditioner.

Please help me, Mr. Thurber, because while there may be no alas about a pigeon on a grassplot, on an air conditioner he reeks of it.

Desperately,

Patricia Collinge



Listening-post at the

ITALIAN

collections

WANDA GAWRONSKA

In the early spring, in Rome and Florence, Italy's spirited fashion designers unleashed their Collections before the assembled representatives of the fashion world—editors, reporters, buyers. As usual, the observers weren't disappointed. Often, they were enchanted—and they were never, never bored. For this season, Italian fashions, with true Italian *brio*, do nothing by halves. If a collar is big, it's on a Colosseum scale; if a skirt is short, it barely grazes the north side of the kneecap. Of Simonetta's rounded, padded skirts and shoulder-hugging collars one U.S. buyer remarked, "They look rather hard to move in." To which Simonetta replied crisply, "In my dresses you're not supposed to move—you're supposed to look smart." Some of the Italian couture surprises, and successes, are shown, right, with more on the next two pages.

Reading from the top down:

SIMONETTA'S cherry casque, designed for Canessa—part of a luscious crop of enchantingly fake cherries in the Italian Collections.

PATRICK DE BARENTZEN'S mint-green tweed suit with padded skirt, widened cuffs (more about this new designer on next page). Hat by Gilles.

SIMONETTA'S trompe-l'œil coat that looks like a suit, sharply indrawn at the waist, belled above and below it; in grey wool tweed.

SIMONETTA'S cape-topped suit—the jacket really a fringed, waist-long cape; skirt, rounded at the hips. In beige checked wool.

GALITZINE'S evening sleight-of-hand: short white point d'esprit ball dress with ruched panels that pull up to form a light-as-air evening wrap.

SIMONETTA'S big top: white silk dinner-and-theatre dress with an immense fichu collar, belled skirt.

CAPUCCI'S big top: a *mille-feuilles* layering of white organdie—over twenty layers, actually—rippling over a black licorice-whip dress of wool.

SIMONETTA'S egg-shaped dress, *left,* in black wool. Belled skirt; a cape doubling as collar and jacket. Lining, a new stiffener called Keybak. Dress in America at Filene's; I. Magnin. Hat: Canessa.

SIMONETTA'S egg-shaped dress, cape top, *left.*



SIMONETTA'S
cherry casque (for Canessa).



SIMONETTA'S
trompe-l'œil coat.



GALITZINE'S evening sleight-of-hand . . .



. . . the panels whip up into an evening wrap.

SIMONETTA'S big top for dinner, theatre.



CAPUCCI'S big top: organdie layers.





PATRICK DE BARENTZEN'S
belled tweed suit; his new widened cuffs.



SIMONETTA'S cape-topped suit—
one of many in her Collection.

Listening-post at the

ITALIAN collections

by

THE new "dark young man" of the Italian couture is a young Frenchman, Patrick de Barentzen, who showed a collection full of dash, fun—and ideas. Bigness was De Barentzen's watchword: his skirts were enormously widened with padding and crinolines, his collars eye-high, his cuffs heroic. *Left*, his short evening dress of black faille with skirts widened to full Infanta size, huge cuffs, rose cuff links; in America at I. Magnin. *Right*, his black faille dress with fichu collar, white organdie over-collar that pulls up, mysteriously, to eye-level. (Even more mysteriously, it has two little pockets—for carrying false eyelashes?) In America at I. Magnin. Headdresses by Gilles. Setting: Rome's Teatro della Cometa.

DE BARENTZEN's Infanta dress, wide-skirted, rose-skewered.



DE BARENTZEN'S great collars:
this, white organdie, enigmatic.

WANDA GAWRONSKA



New sun-yellows; tiger-toned hair

Opposite: Sunny at-home look that could, for the summer, go beyond the living room—into patios, onto houseboats. The boat-necked blouse is sun-yellow India silk, scattered with foulard peacocks in turquoise blue; worn over snug pants of turquoise-blue cotton shantung. Costume by Tina Leser; blouse, about $45; pants about $23. Jewellery by S. G. Barnett.
What hair is wearing now: tiger tones—an exciting new way to be a redhead. This, achieved by Du Barry's temporary wash-and-wear tinting process. The colour here (an effective light-up over almost any shade of hair), Tiger Lily. Costume and DuBarry Color Glo, both at Altman's; Marshall Field.
This page: More yellow to take a Tiger Lily treatment. Two pieces of lemon-coloured linen, cool and narrow as a popsicle, edged with white linen at neck, arms, waist. By Sloat, of Moygashel linen. Top, about $15; skirt, about $25. At Altman's; L. S. Ayres; Stix, Baer & Fuller.





No heel news. First time around for this stopper: a high-heeled shoe without a heel—its sole support, a metal extension of the sole itself. What can it do? Walk swan-like. Walk on air. Which may account for the fact that the first run-up of this new idea doesn't just happen to be a dazzle of red silk satin, with rhinestones running in circles. Handmade in Italy for Delmanette. At Bergdorf Goodman.

All pink news. New geste with lipstick—gilded pink, one of the variations of the pink-pink-pink that's making lipstick lure now. This one to see the light of make-up mirrors this season with pink, with white, yellow, and green besides. Coty's Rue de la Pink, photographed—bubblingly—in Paris, with a frothy tulle ball dress by Grès. Dress, in America at I. Magnin. Lipstick, at Lord & Taylor.







The blue-denim dash— to the city

Nice little price tags, knock-about charm —denim's always had those. What's newer, more fascinating is what it has besides, now: the kind of city planning that takes hats, gloves, jewels into consideration. *Left:* Cardigan suit in navy-blue denim and T-shirty stripes. Lined jacket, about $16; pleated skirt about $10; red-and-white cotton jersey camisole about $8. *Above:* Dress-and-coat look that's as smart to know about as where to find taxis in a storm. Navy-blue denim coat, $25; red-and-white cotton jersey dress, about $16. *Right:* Navy-blue denim on the brink of becoming a summer stand-by—no sleeves, no collar, flared skirt. About $15. All, by Sportwhirl of Cone cotton denim; Permathal Everglaze cotton knit by Alamac. Peck & Peck; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

PENN



Cotton jersey dash—extended

Extended to: the world of cardigan suits, of knowing little day dresses that don't go all to pieces when the sun goes down.
Left: Cotton jersey that's learned what it takes to be a city suit in a city summer. Black-and-white striped cardigan jacket, black-rimmed, about $15; gathered skirt, about $15; the non-sleeved, non-collared white cotton jersey blouse, about $8.
Right: The dress to keep in mind if your clothes-thinking runs to little-black dresses with a great sense of what's going on in the fashion world—white touches, cardigan-collar-lines, full skirts. Cotton jersey dress (we've added the belt), about $25. This and the suit, by Masket Bros. Peck & Peck; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. All earrings by Richelieu. Gloves by Crescendoe.

PENN

New ruling on legs–
striped stockings



RAWLINGS

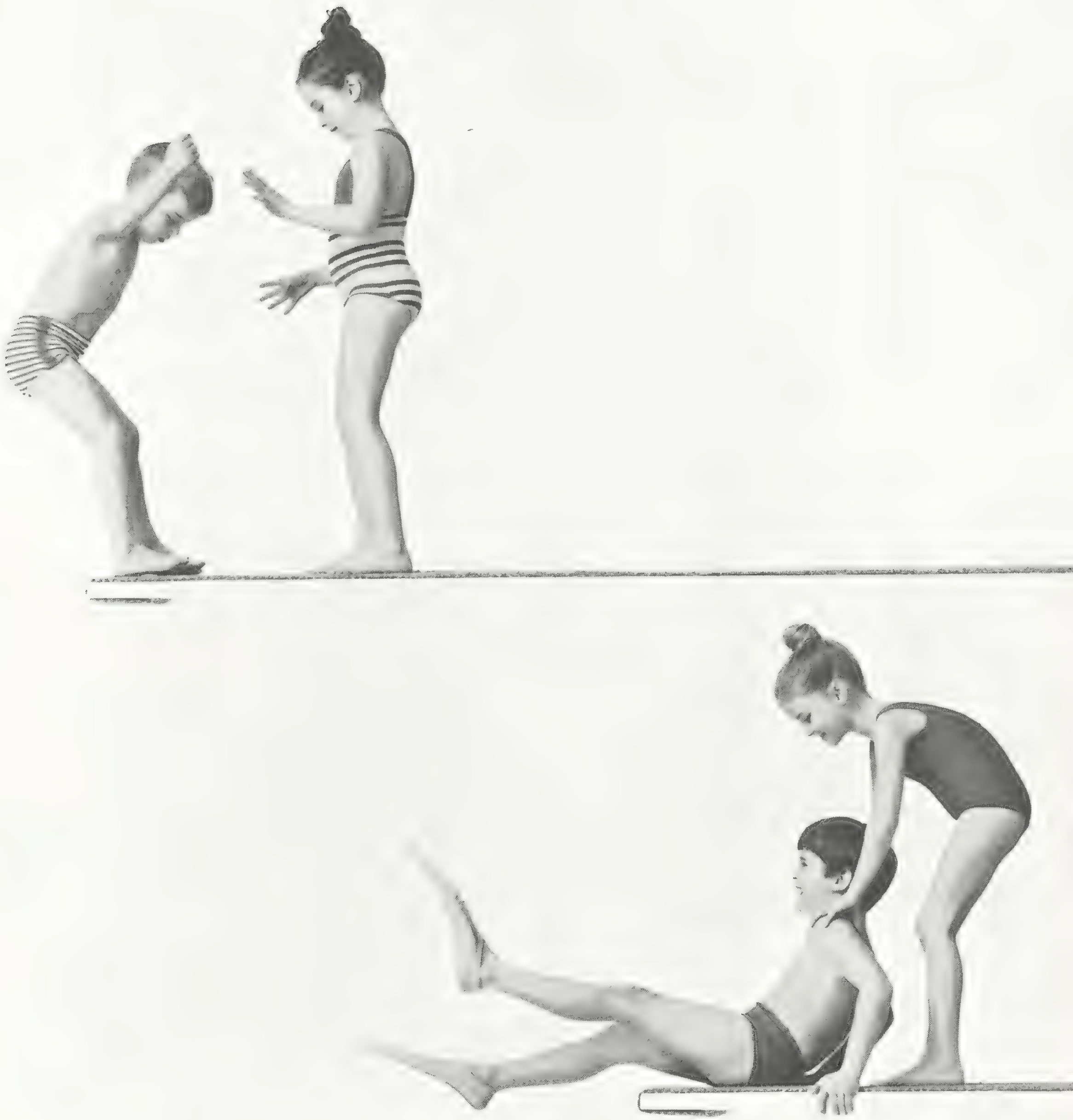
Growing in leaps and bounds now, the idea that legs worth talking about ought not to be talked about in whispers. Zingiest new move in that direction: striped nylon stockings—half of a black-striped pair at left, a brown-striped pair at right. By Bur-Mil Cameo. Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; J.W. Robinson. News worn by the black stripes: tortoise-speckled black and brown opera pump. From I. Miller, in Fleming-Joffe kidskin, with Lifetime Heel; $33. Ventilated brown calfskin shoe, by Julianelli; about $35. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Frost Bros. In charge of leaps and bounds here: the young American ballerina, Wilma Curley, whose personal leaps include a rather dazzling one from the *West Side Story* chorus to leads with Jerome Robbins' racketing success, *Ballets: U.S.A.* (First stop on the company's European tour this summer: The Festival of Two Worlds at Spoleto. Proposed windup: Moscow in July, as the first American ballet company to get a toe in the USSR.) Below: Miss Curley wears a crinkly beige cotton crepê dress, with a dancer's span of skirt. By Joan Leslie; in junior sizes. $40. At Saks Fifth Avenue.







Six splashing tank suits that stretch a point
on all figures— the little pumpkins
and the string beans



Opposite page: Top, suit of cotton knitted with Lastex that could make a porpoise of any little girl—bright red checks on white, bloomer legs, straps that don't cut. By Catalina, 3 to 6x, about $5. Suit and cap: at Bloomingdale's; Burdine's. In the drink, almost—maillot with a little skirt in front, little red checks on white cotton knitted with Lastex, little space requirements in the beach bag. By Jantzen, 3 to 6x. About $5. Suit and bathing cap: Best & Co.; Julius Garfinckel. *This page:* High-diving, suits of red and white beach-ball stripes easily seeable a mile away. Both, by Young Cole of California, in elasticized knitted cotton; 3 to 6x. Boy's suit, about $3; girl's, about $5. De Pinna; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. On the low board, two suits with the fit of tights, the smooth surface of a wet seal. Both knitted of bright red Helanca nylon that dries like stockings. By Regal, 4 to 6x. Boy's suit, about $2; girl's, about $4. Arnold Constable; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

PALUMBO



VOGUE PATTERN 9727



VOGUE PATTERN 9711

Summer-dress score— chalked up in white

Wherever there's lots of sun, there ought to be lots of these: cool, white day dresses that you can pop on around ten—adding hat, gloves, a jewel—and not give a second thought to all day. Here, three to make before the heat's on in the U. S. A. Shining for them on these pages: Puerto Rican sun—strong, steady, year-round. *Above, left:* One-part dress looking like two—red dots, white pleats. To expect if you do it in silk crêpe, as here: a fairly active fashion life, late-day. Vogue Pattern 9727, in Skinner silk. Midtown velours belt. Mademoiselle shoes. Marvella earrings. *Near left:* Sewers' idea of heaven—little sleeves, a few buttons, slim skirt. Vogue Easy to Make Pattern 9711. White ribbed cotton seersucker, by Reeves. Pappagallo shoes. Emme hat. *Right:* Couldn't-be-fresher kind of look to make in separate parts. White Moygashel linen blouse, pleated skirt; both edged with white lace. Blouse, Vogue Pattern 9729; skirt, Vogue Pattern 9722. Greta handbag. Monet bracelets. Gloves by Superb.

Other views, yardages: page 112.



BLOUSE: VOGUE PATTERN 9729

SKIRT: VOGUE PATTERN 9722





FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

The long-hop dollar; young black and white

Lined up here, four summery ways to take a flyer at black and white—the twosome that's pacing colour excitement this year. These looks are made up of manoeuvrable pieces in checks, dots, solids—and all, at grounded prices. The reason for the fly-talk is seen in the background: a blown-up photograph of the model of the proposed terminal building for Trans World Airlines, at Idlewild—designed, apparently, to have a certain wing-like look (although the architect, Eero Saarinen, claims this is only in the eye of the beholder). The photograph is now part of the Architecture and Imagery exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, in New York City.

Left to right, first: Summer topcoat of white cotton ottoman with trenchy lines, black buttons, a black patent leather belt. The length, less than full, to show a bit of a black silk-and-cotton sheath. Both by Re-Go, in junior sizes; about $50 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. I. Miller shoes.

Second: Black cotton piqué blouse with rounded neck and short sleeves, worn with a black and white checked skirt of Orlon and Courtaulds Corval. Connecting the two: a black and white striped belt, three inches wide. Blouse and skirt by Modern Juniors. The blouse, a Fuller fabric, about $7; skirt, about $10. Both at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's. Belt, and the John Frederics Charmer straw hat, at Bonwit Teller. Delman shoes.

Third: A suit look, starting with a short jacket of white waffle cotton piqué, with choir-boy collar. Pleated skirting, black Arnel-and-nylon: Both by Alice Stuart; jacket, about $8; skirt, about $11. Hat by Sally V. All at Best & Co.; jacket and skirt, also at Famous-Barr. Millerkins shoes: I. Miller.

Fourth: Chesterfield of white cotton waffle piqué with classic straightness, openly showing a black and white dotted shirtwaist dress with roll-up sleeves, black belt. Coat by Weatherbee of Zelan-processed cotton; about $23 at Lord & Taylor. Dress by Ivan Frederics, of Avisco rayon, $25 at Bloomingdale's. Coat and dress, also at Woodward & Lothrop. Shoes: DeLiso Debs.

Right: Briefest way to a summer sleep: this short nightdress with a new sleeve concentration. Blue nylon-Dacron-and-cotton, hemmed with white nylon lace. By Lucie Ann. About $25 at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus.

Above: The deep, frothy hem of a conical petticoat, sketched left. White Swiss cotton batiste over blue drip-dry cotton. By Iris. About $18 at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. White silk satin slippers: Delman.

Summer lingerie—
night whites
touched with blue



Above: Night shift that could be the prettiest part of a mid-summer night's dream. In white nylon tricot, with white flowers embroidered on its ruffled yoke. By Artemis, in a Burlington fabric. About $8 at Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's.

DRAWINGS BY LARSEN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAZAN

Summer lingerie *continued*

Left: Blue and white flowers band together here to mark the shoulders and waist of a white nylon tricot nightdress and peignoir. By Munsingwear, of Du Pont nylon. About $23 at Bonwit Teller; Dayton's.

Left: Dress-length nightdress of blue silk-nylon-and-Dacron crêpe. The neckline is scooped, scalloped, and edged with white nylon lace. By Laros. About $17 at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop. Capezio slippers also at Lord & Taylor.

This page: Blue—paled by an overlay of white. Nightdress and peignoir of nylon tricot embroidered with flowers, butterflies. By Rogers. About $35 at Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin.

DRAWINGS BY LARSEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAZAN

GOSSIPY MEMO ON TRAVEL: WHO'S GOING WHERE

Going to Hong Kong to see the golden houses that rise from mountain sides, the bright-bannered commercial jungle, the slithering port villages made of junks lashed together—anybody, everybody who can. The visa rush beats everything this year. In Hong Kong just about now: the Winthrop Aldriches. Just back, the Arthur Popes, who made Hong Kong the furniture-shopping-centre for their Lloyd's Neck, Long Island house needs (they've ordered sleek, beautiful rosewood in a contemporary Chinese design; even with shipping charges to New York, it's a marvellous buy according to Mrs. Pope). Full of Hong Kong advice: the William Nichols', the Göran Holmquists. . . . "Don't miss the swimming at the beautiful beaches. Don't miss the Three Way Duck at Tien Shan Nau . . . or the Russian and French food at the Parisian Grill or the food at Gaddi's, or a Chinese dinner served on a barge (you take a sampan from Aberdeen)." . . . On every returning traveller's list: the suits-made-overnight by the tailor, William U, for about $60 (advice on the fabric point: "In Hong Kong, what isn't silk is best British."). There's Zou Nan, copyist for women; $25 or thereabouts for a silk dress. There's Benny's, where shoes are made to order for about $10, and a Mr. Wang who'll do future business with present travellers—that is, make shoes and send them on. . . .

Going to Japan: most of the people going to Hong Kong, of course, and vice versa. Just back from Japan, Mrs. Reinaldo Herrera, who loved it all, lived in a Japanese inn rather than a Westernized hotel, witnessed the rare fish ceremony on the island of Tomo (rehearsal, perhaps, for the fish ceremony scheduled for the Royal Wedding) . . . went to one dinner where the menu included fifty dishes . . . Clothes experience reported by Mrs. Herrera: "It turned out that a two-year-old sleeveless black wool sheath was my uniform; I wore it in Los Angeles, throughout Japan, and when I got to Honolulu I wore it again, with a lei of pink carnations. . . ."

Going to Germany again as soon as he can manage, Colin Wilson, whose book, *The Outsider,* has sold some 30,000 copies in the United States. He did a swing through the south of Germany to universities and museums there, and says: "Germany is the country I most want to explore further. Unexpectedly, I found myself tremendously at ease with the Germans, who have a capacity for lightness and at the same time are not scared to face up to the really big subjects."

Going to Athens anytime he can—even January: the British movie star, Dirk Bogarde, whose next film will be the Franz Liszt story, *The Magic Flame.* According to him: "January in Athens—not the wisest time to go, but one wouldn't have *not* been there for anything. The hotel chambermaid, that first night, drew back the window curtains and said, 'You have a picture made by God here.' It was dusk and a fine rain was falling; to my right stood the Acropolis, a flaming, ragged sunset dying behind it . . . with rain washing the marble from gold to violet."

Going to Spain for spring, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dreyfuss—spring, that is, and "to look at the wild architecture of Antonio Gaudi in Barcelona. It ought to be a refreshing antidote to the antiseptic uniformity of the 'graph paper school' of American building," said Mr. Dreyfuss.

Going to Africa and coming back almost frantically defensive about their inability to describe the strange, remarkable height and width of the African sky: perfectly sensible people wowed by the whole south-of-the-Sahara. Recently returned from Africa: Mr. and Mrs. William Burden, Mr. and Mrs. David Rockefeller, Mr. and Mrs. John Watts, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Johnson, who travelled the Belgian Congo, French Equatorial Africa, Rhodesia, and the Union of South Africa. Clothes advice: "If Cape Town is on the schedule, women should take their best cocktail dresses—the tradition there is the Paris sort of late-afternoon dress for the cocktail party which is called 'sundowner.' You'd need a number of dark printed dresses and jackets." Food advice: "Some of the best food in Africa is right there at the airport—the airport restaurants have been taken over by French chefs and are so good that they've become almost food clubs."

Waterfall in Manhattan

In the glass-enclosed garden between a built-on living room and the house to which it was added, Constantino Nivola designed for the Edmundo Lassalles a steep waterfall that spills down graduated troughs. Lighted at night, the fall's enchantment can be both seen and heard. Dr. Lassalle is an economic consultant to United States firms in Latin America. On the staff of the New York City Ballet Company, Mrs. Lassalle is the daughter of the writer, Dorothy Norman, who organized *The Heroic Encounter,* an exhibition of the past's significant symbolical art, touring museums now for its second year. This living room, satisfyingly proportioned, cleanly and sparingly detailed, achieves a purposeful emptiness, that, unlike most emptiness, is friendly and never lonely. The monochromatic off-white walls and carpet are warmed by the leather-and-wood Mexican chair and the Spanish chest in the foreground, the brilliant scarlet cushions on the long beige banquette. On the brick wall, lighted from above, hangs a Vass painting, with, near it, a Chinese seventeenth-century panel. On the floor beside the garden, a Marini bronze horse and rider.

EZRA STOLLER

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



People's house ideas: new talking points

Ideas, trends, architectural changes going into people's houses and gardens now. Here and on the next six pages are ideas from Indiana, Rhode Island, from Brazil, Denmark, and Austria—it doesn't matter where in the world these ideas began. . . . A narrow old house in New York City has been revised to include two gardens, one 18-foot waterfall, and a playground to boot. . . . The Japanese moon gate has been adapted for a Bermuda house. . . . The romantic movement, curvy, lyrical, is again on the ascendant; but that confirmed Edwardian, Cecil Beaton, told an audience of decorators that he now has a leaning to monkish austerity. . . . One smart answer to the business of living and sleeping in a small one-room apartment has been provided by Janet Gaynor.

Rosy sleeping bag, no bed to make

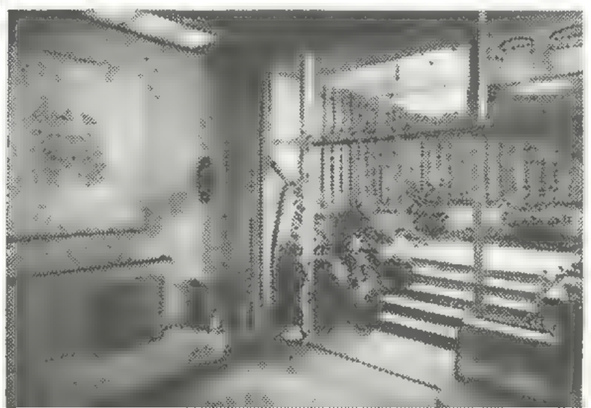
The Gilbert Adrians (he's the Adrian of dress design fame, she's Janet Gaynor) split their geography three ways: a farm deep in Brazil, a house in California, and, in New York, two large terraces with one minuscule room. Because the latter must serve as both living and sleeping quarters, Mrs. Adrian has invented a zippy way of transforming a sitting couch to a cosy bed and vice versa. A whisper-weight thing, her "Seventh Heaven Sleeper," a pretty sleeping bag, is really a Dacron quilt cocoon, always ready to climb into, because, inside, sheets and blanket remain neatly tied in position. It rolls up in the morning to be tossed in the closet, unfurls at night. Its point: no bed to make. The Adrians' sleeper is pink nylon, sprinkled with roses. A similar sleeper may be ordered through Léron in any colour or fabric for a small apartment, a boat, or perhaps a beach or country house that has more guests than guest rooms.

OUT OF 1 GARDEN, 2 GARDENS AND A LIVING ROOM

EZRA STOLLER



The Edmundo Lassalles had a garden behind their nineteenth-century city brownstone. What they felt they did not have was a proper living room. With their architect, Robert Rosenberg, they decided one divided by one would make three. Into the centre of the garden space a living room was inserted, both of its ends glass-walled to afford an outdoor view, the whole arrangement connected to the original house by a short side passage. *Left,* the dining room, off-white with natural open-weave curtains that frame a view of the waterfall shown in colour on the preceding page; on its right, steps go down to the new living room, *below,* separated from the cypress-fenced back garden only by glass. Over the living room, the roof has been fitted like a playground to provide a charming children's terrace for the Lassalle daughters.





JANET GAYNOR ADRIAN shows how her "Seventh Heaven" sleeping bag in the Adrians' New York apartment quickly converts the delicately carved sofa, partly made from an old Persian screen, to a nighttime bed. Because the sleeping bag goes on top, the sofa's silvery-blue, Siamese silk covering remains undisturbed by it all. Watching Mrs. Adrian "turn down" and "make" her bed, a Dresden china monkey.



RAWLINGS

GRIGSBY



On walls, on floors, the handloomed look



PHILIP STEARNS

The trend from loom to room has taken to the walls and floors. There's an undercurrent of rugs with a hand-woven look, and, back from a long absence, an overhanging of specially made tapestries. The wall piece, *right*, celebrates a leading accessory to the fact, Dorothy Liebes, the handloomed look's ardent, articulate exponent. In beiges, the tapestry was woven by the Finnish artist, Martta Taipole. In front of the tapestry is evidence of another trend, the use of filigree, here, in a pierced metal lamp (through decorators at Luten-Clarey-Stern). *Left*, at the Bermuda house of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Marx, Jr., a moon gate separates the house and its grounds from the road. Its inspiration comes from the Orient, where it has long been a symbol of happiness. Here, the red lacquer sliding doors in a white wall are happy insurance of privacy.

THE OPEN DOOR POLICY, BERMUDA

PEOPLE'S HOUSE IDEAS continued

Revived: an interest in adorning many too long-unadorned modern walls. To fulfill this need, people are talking about painted murals and wallpaper in an old French technique, *grisaille*. The word originally meant painting in grey tints that simulated bas relief; the meaning now covers any such painting in tones of one colour. *Right* here: one of thirteen scenic panels reproduced in photographic process from a Directoire wallpaper called Vernet's "Venetian Scenes." All thirteen panels or, if needs be, just one, may be bought in shades of grey or sepia through decorators at Louis W. Bowen. The two panels of sepia *grisaille, far right*, are original paintings of fish, nets, and shells in "trophy" arrangement, painted by Henry Billings for the hall of "Holiday House," the Rhode Island summer place of Mrs. William Hale Harkness, Jr. The *grisaille* murals all over this house are among many that Mr. Billings has painted for people who have rediscovered the pleasures of baroque.



GRIGSBY

RETURN OF GRISAILLE, PAINT OR PAPER

The city part of the New York apartment of Yale R. Burge, the interior designer, is its address and its diminutive size. All else about it is country charm, the calculated plan of Mr. Burge. He designed the floor-to-ceiling bleached oak book stack, *right*, with a cabinet base that is doored effectively in hand-woven fibre rush, two inches thick. The same rush has been made into folding panel doors that screen the 10′ x 11′ dining room, *upper right*, from the living room. Around the skirted table, French Directoire walnut armchairs are cushioned in a hand-blocked India print. Curtaining the windows and covering the table is heavy, natural-coloured linen. A Louis XV clock from Normandy still tells time, and an Early American iron chandelier with wax candles goes easily with the French Provincial. Outside the window, Mr. Burge's terrace recalls a French country garden, furnished with French bistro tables and chairs and planted with roses that climb along an old wooden fence.



KERTÈSZ

Rush for town

COLLECTOR'S BATHROOM, GALLERY LIGHTED

Idea for a gallery of small personal joys: the walls and the shelves of a bathroom. In this New York one in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Radkai (Vogue photographer, Karen Radkai), the long mirror, lighted from above like a painting, reflects a sunny, shuttered window, and a collector's shelf of carved wood, black and Spanish. There on show stands an assortment of old American jars and bottles and such ocean things as dried seaweed, shells, and fake starfish. Hanging on another wall, Italian botany prints, a shadow box with flowers, and a Turkish mirror. The third mirror in the room is framed in Victorian black iron and sits on the dressing-table side of the basin. To the right of the towel rack, a gardenia plant blooms regularly twice a year. A bathroom, Mrs. Radkai said, is the only room where a New York gardenia will do that.



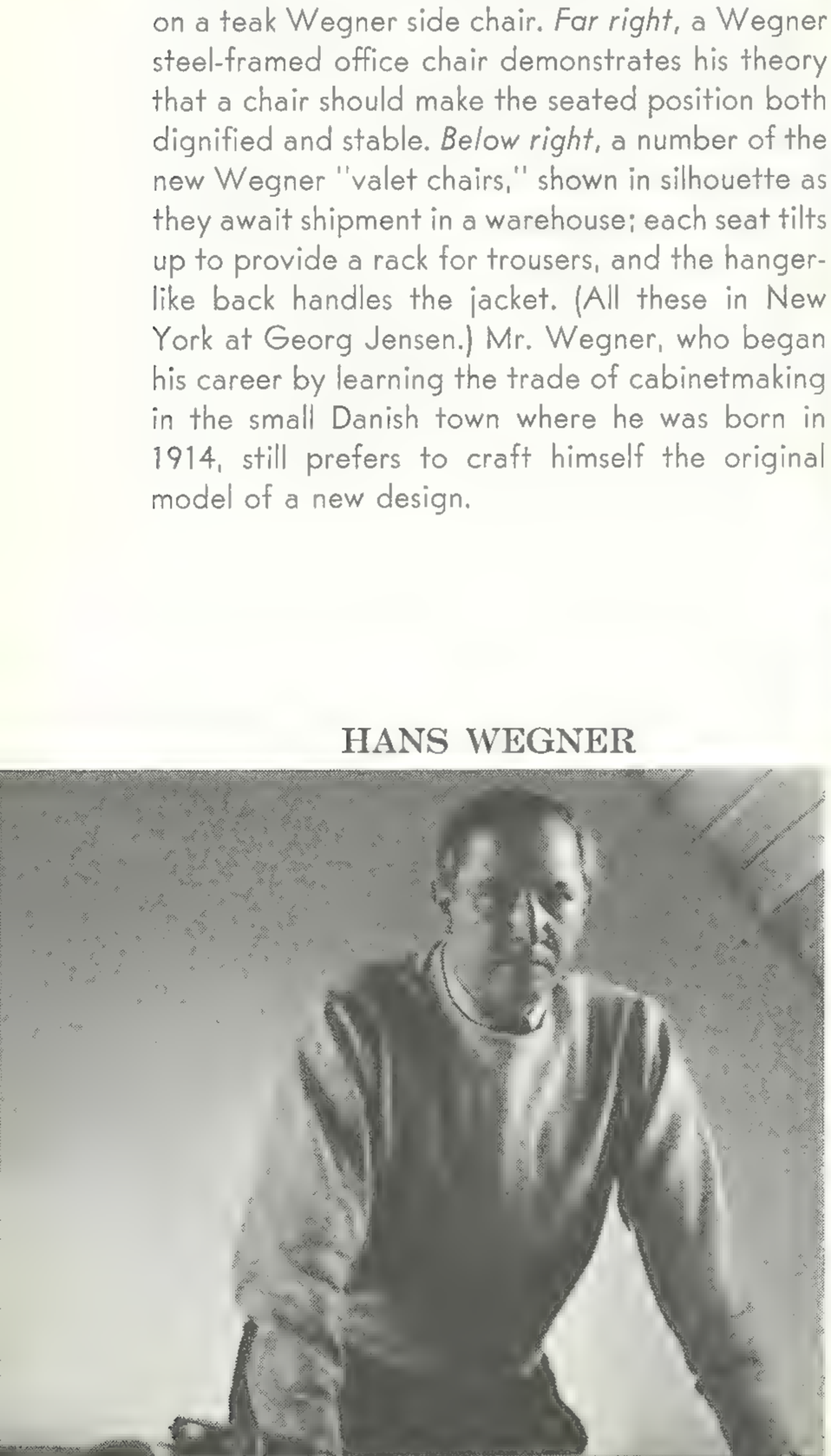
One man's world of influence

A great Dane in furniture design, Hans Wegner ten years ago was hardly known beyond the shores of his own country. Today his work is in the permanent collections of seven museums, and his "classic chair," its sculptured wood arms and back in a continuous, compound curve, is thought by many to be, along with such other notables as the Eames and Saarinen chairs, among the most important contributions to seating arrangements in the past fifty years. *Right*, a cabinetmaker puts a cane seat on a teak Wegner side chair. *Far right*, a Wegner steel-framed office chair demonstrates his theory that a chair should make the seated position both dignified and stable. *Below right*, a number of the new Wegner "valet chairs," shown in silhouette as they await shipment in a warehouse; each seat tilts up to provide a rack for trousers, and the hanger-like back handles the jacket. (All these in New York at Georg Jensen.) Mr. Wegner, who began his career by learning the trade of cabinetmaking in the small Danish town where he was born in 1914, still prefers to craft himself the original model of a new design.

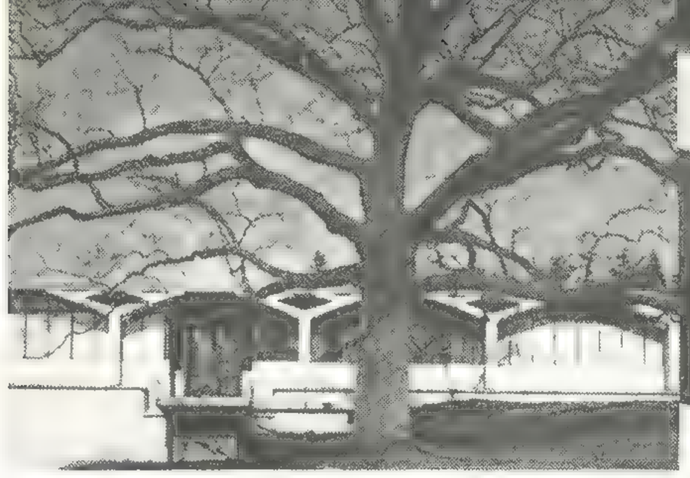




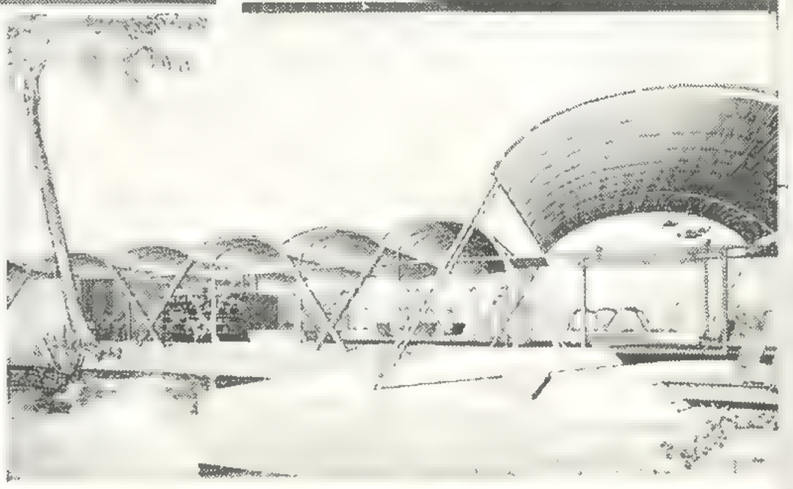
HANS WEGNER

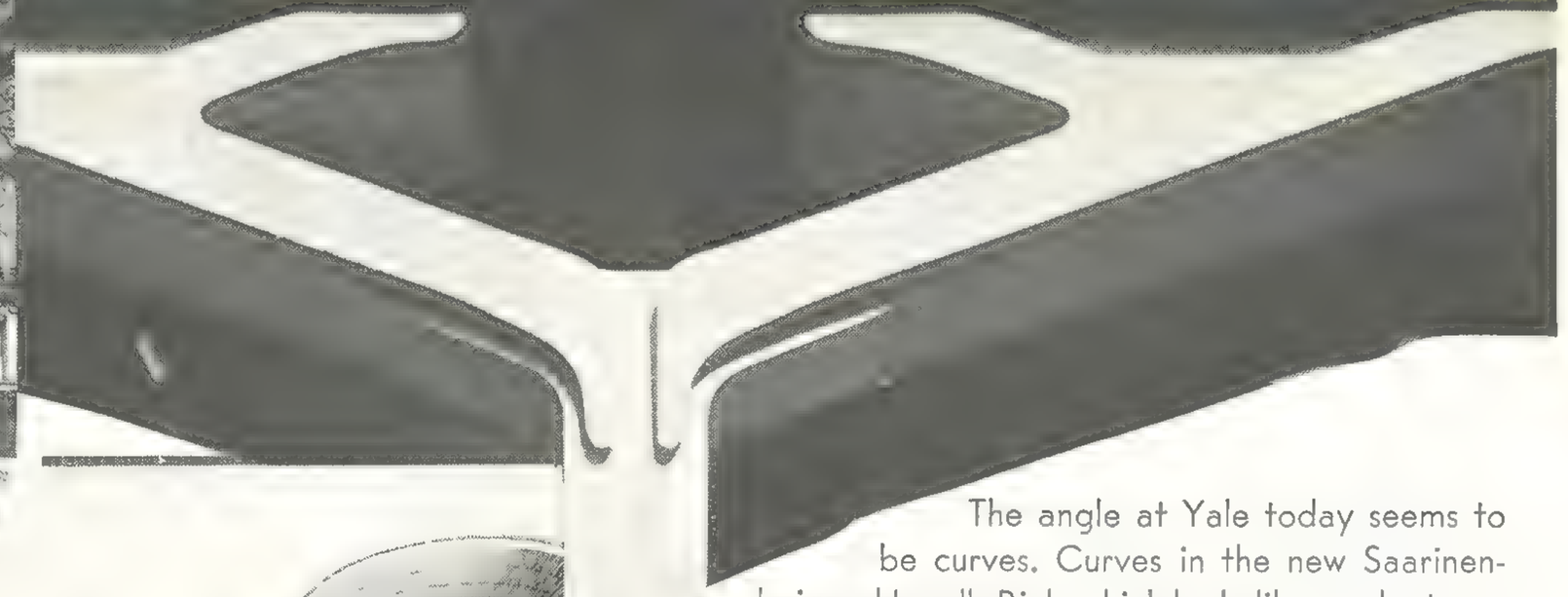






RONALD BINKS





The angle at Yale today seems to be curves. Curves in the new Saarinen-designed Ingalls Rink, which looks like a voluptuous whale, prowed like a Viking ship. Curves in the new Greeley Memorial Laboratory, *upper left,* which mixes light and shadow, natural forms, and columns that have, once again, a base, shaft, and capital (detail *above*), designed by Paul Rudolph, the Chairman of Yale's Department of Architecture. Mr. Rudolph has used mostly sheets of glass and pre-cast concrete; the latter allows the columns to rise and branch out like a tree. Inside, where the people are, the warmth of wood takes over. A pavilion, the building houses a forestry laboratory where the properties of wood are analyzed. Appropriately the floors are wood parquet, and many walls of magnificent different woods that were presents to the University. To achieve the clear open feeling that the handling of large elements requires, no partition goes all the way to the interesting ceiling which can be seen continuously from any part of the interior. Another curvy Rudolph design is illustrated in the perspective for a model of a private beach house, *left.* The news here: a fresh use of plywood—vaulted, both for looks and strength. To make the house as light and elegant as possible, the architect combined glass walls with plywood, took the thrust from the walls with diagonal supports, the same flying buttress principle of Notre Dame in Paris.

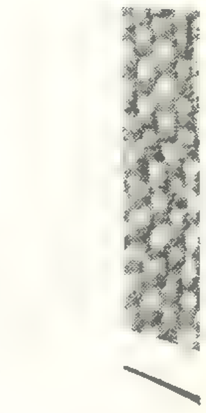
OFF THE STRAIGHT PATH

EDGAR KAUFMANN, JR.



HORST

Among other modernists, Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., is taking a long backward look at the romantic tradition. Though he masterminded for five years the "Good Design" program at the Museum of Modern Art, and wrote such definitive Museum booklets as "What Is Modern Design" and "What Is Modern Interior Design," his own New York City apartment by no means depends for its visual joys solely on modern design. The French desk upon which he leans in the photograph, *left,* is polished mahogany, gently curved, with brass gilt flowers, leaves, and water-lily motifs produced in 1900 by Majorelle, a leading furniture designer of the *Art Nouveau* days. On it, a Tiffany glass lamp recalls American turn-of-the-century, and a contemporary Giacometti head looks at a contemporary Jean Arp marble egg. Behind Mr. Kaufmann hang two Paul Klee paintings, a seventeenth-century Claude landscape, and a porcelain portrait of Mr. Kaufmann's mother as a little girl. In front of the desk stands the famous 1926 "S" chair of Mïes van der Rohe. Religiously restored, this modern classic, its iron frame re-painted red, its seat re-caned, is now what Mr. Kaufmann calls a "fussed-up antique."





Switch to the nostalgic

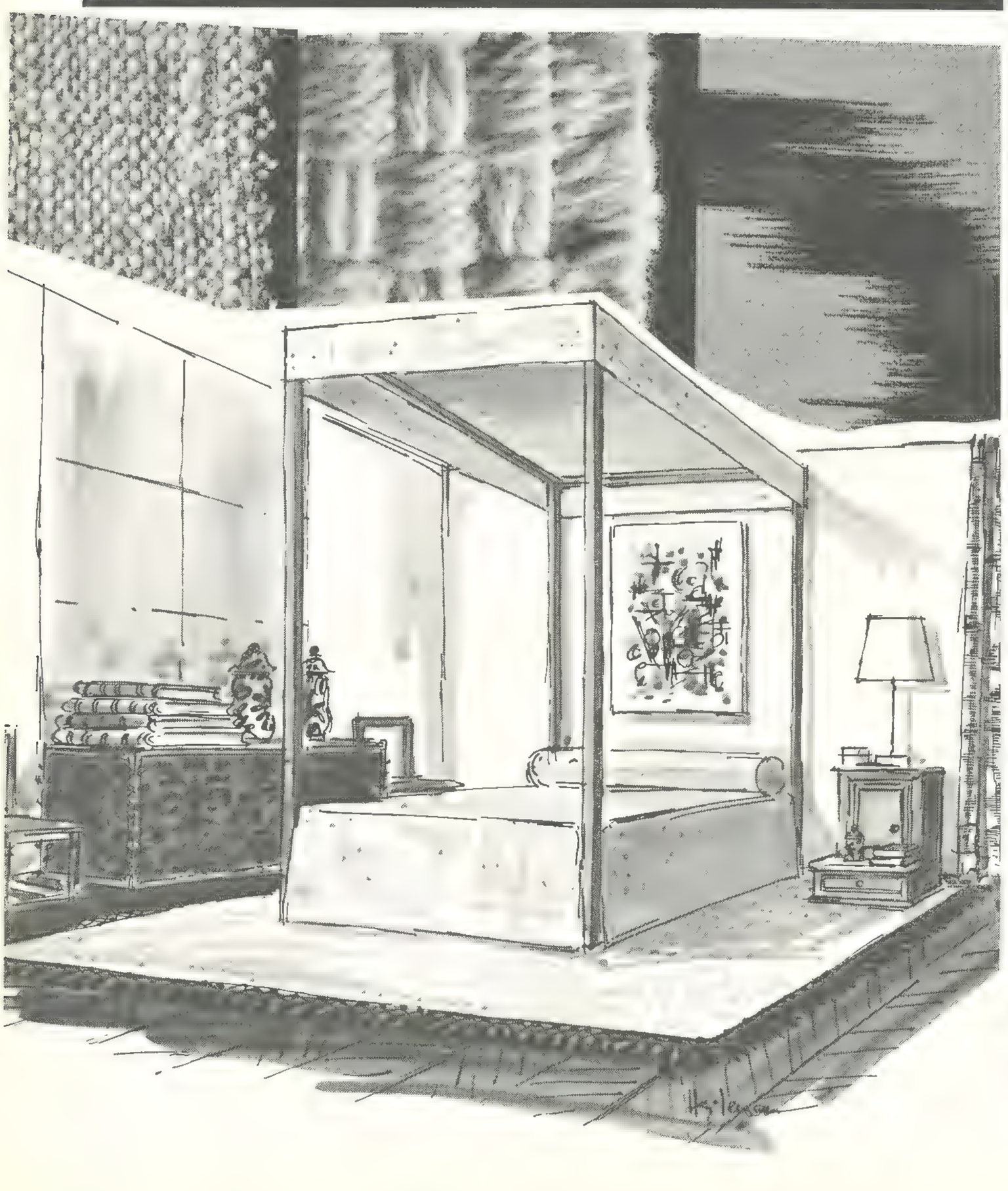


PEOPLE'S HOUSE IDEAS continued

The charm of the elaborate paintings on the outside of many country houses and inns in Austria is influencing the decoration of American interior walls and furniture. Here, *far left*, a photograph of a *gasthof*, an inn at Walchsee, where the façade and the windows still retain trompe-l'œil decorations, in their eighteenth-century greens and blues. More painted rococo, in faded blues and reds, can be seen on the 1700 armoire and chair that stands in a corner of the Kitzbühel ski lodge of Count Ferdinand Arco.

THE PAINTED LOOK, AUSTRIAN ROCOCO

The seventeenth-century look, a Dutch treat

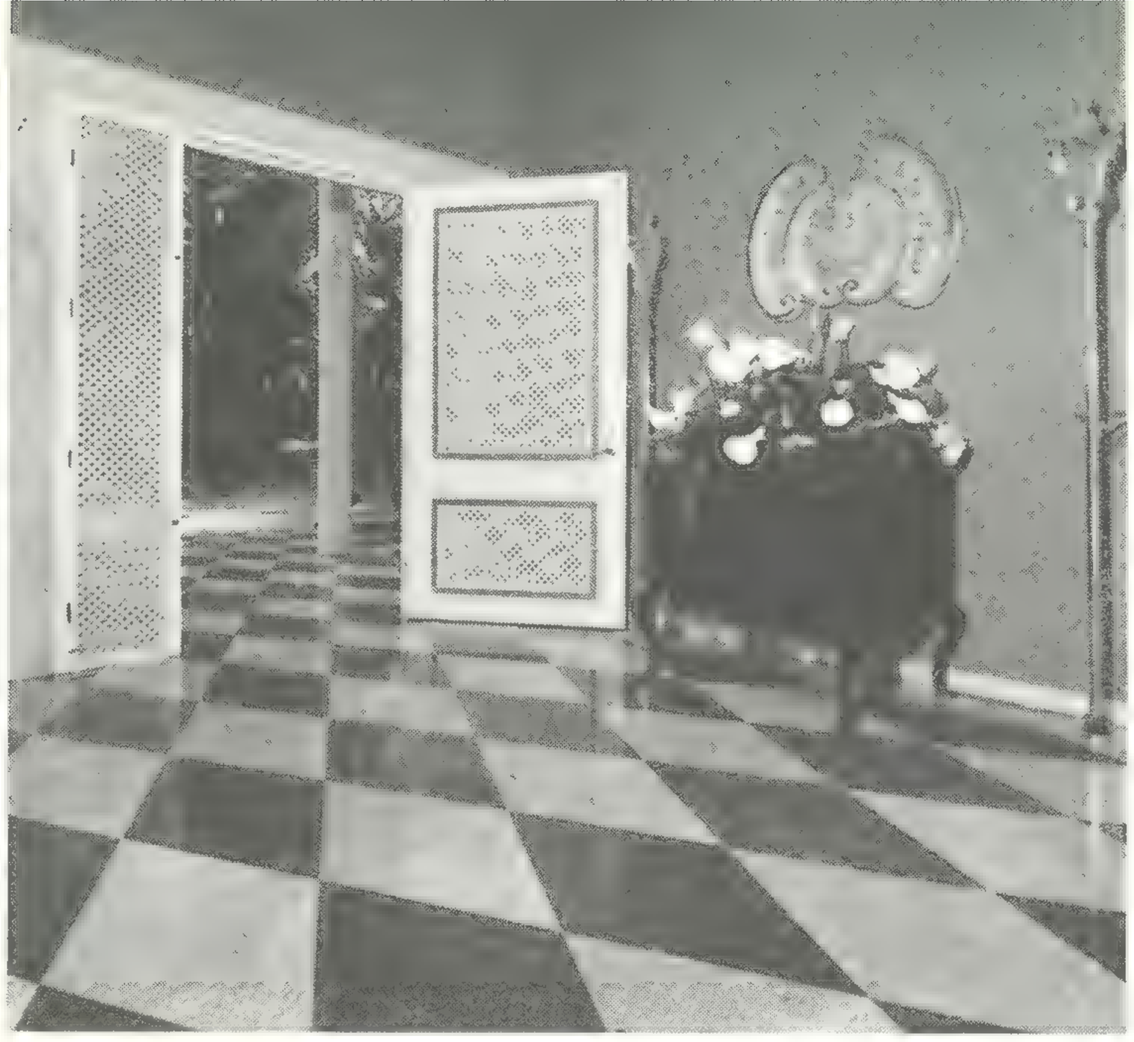


This is a "dream room," dreamed up for Vogue to show a look very much in the air: simplicity that's almost austerity, its roots in this case seventeenth-century and Dutch. Cecil Beaton, noted for his turn-of-the-century taste, revealed a change of heart in a speech at the American Institute of Decorators. "Our spiritual needs seem to demand . . . the barren simplicity of the cloisters. . . . We must have bedrooms that pay tribute to the bed, and the bed itself ought to be an object whose reality is unassailable because it bears no stamp of an artificial age." Here the bed is *all* the room, its daring scale making the ceiling seem higher than 8′6″, the room dimensions more impressive than the actual 12′ x 16′. The idea in this apartment-size room, designed by the decorators, Baldwin & Martin, Inc., is: use just a few pieces, but make them count. Flanked by a pair of Dutch period side chairs, a big rectangular table is skirted in panels of a black Eaglesham* print on navy Belgian linen ground tied at the sides. On top of the table, a pair of blue and white porcelain jars, and, to point up the exaggerated scaling, oversized books. Above the table, a mirror in the square, flush to the wall, implies more space where space there is not. Next to the bed, a small period *prie-dieu* table, architectural in feeling. Fabrics here, shown in magnified texture above the bedroom illustration: *left to right*, the thick oatmeal-coloured Belgian linen from Schumacher* that covers and valances the bed; on the shiny, dark, oak-coloured floor, the handloomed country look of the white LoomWeve rug, made of Super L, Avisco carpet rayon, with an ink-blue fringe, at Lord & Taylor; the perfectly straight curtains at the window that go all the way to the ceiling are "Toile d'Aix," a seventeenth-century design reproduced by Brunschwig & Fils* in shades of blue on white linen. A modern lamp, wood-based and iron-stemmed and an unframed American abstract painting establish a room that draws on the past as completely contemporary, capturing the spirit of Dutch seventeenth-century décor without slavishly reproducing it.

*THROUGH DECORATORS

Pink, white, and Brazilian

In the pink, and swept with marble inside and out: the Rio de Janeiro house of Walther Moreira Salles, a former Ambassador to the United States, but now head of one of the great Brazilian banks. The colour idea of the pale-pink exterior with its slim white columns continues in a darker tone on the inside walls of the front entrance, *right*, and in rusty-pink and white in the marble pavement. Flanked by Colonial silver standards, the dark Colonial-Portuguese chest underneath a shield of angels and an enormous leaf-and-flower arrangement foretells the Salles' collection of Brazilian-Colonial furniture, both Dutch and Portuguese. Filtering and patterning the sunlight, woven slat doors open up to an immediate view of the patio with a tall tree in its green centre. Nobly proportioned, extravagantly perfected, the house was designed by Olavo Redig de Campos who followed a saying that architects like: "What is needed for a beautiful building is a good architect and a client who is a genius." By genius, architects mean clients who leave them alone.



SASCHA HARNISCH

Daylight and nightlight, built-in

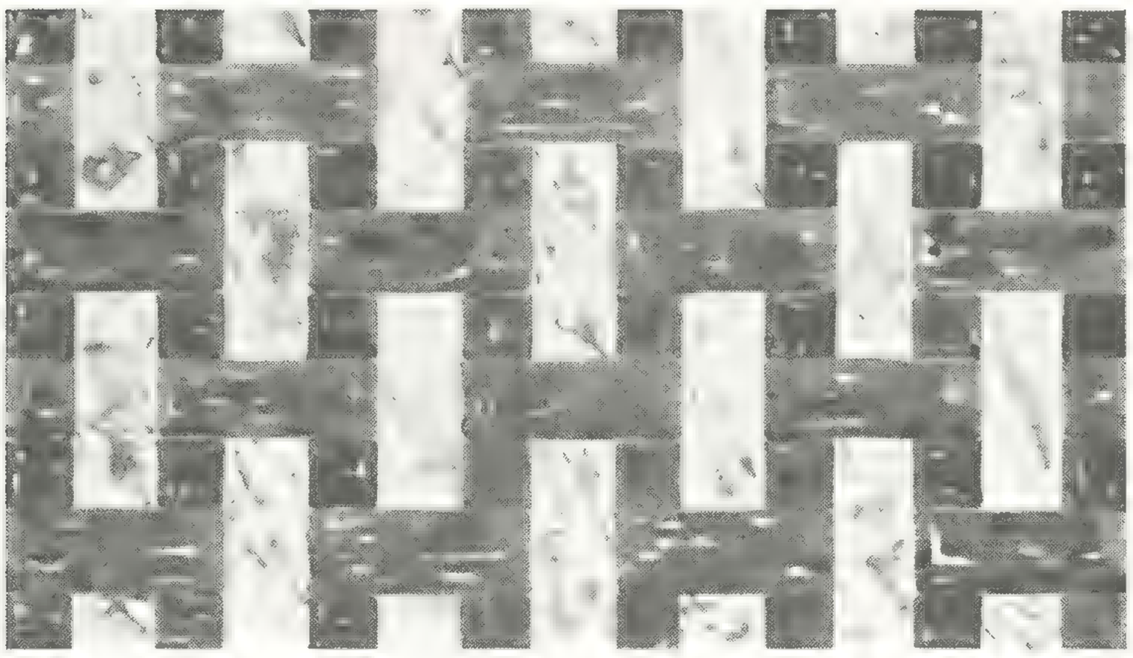
From one source, two kinds of light have been woven into the structure of the Indiana house, *right*, designed by two architects, Eero Saarinen and Alexander Girard, with Kevin Roche as associate. The night life of the house is illuminated by a continuous strip of fluorescent tubing in the column-supported frosted glass panels that border the ceiling of the whole living room. By day, through these same panels, natural light is thrown on the subject from skylights that pierce the roof. The advantages: uninterrupted brightness in a room free of floor and table lamps, controlled brightness that evokes from austere marble walls and travertine floor a warm and enchanting glow, and overhead brightness that raises a ceiling to a height sky-high.



EZRA STOLLER

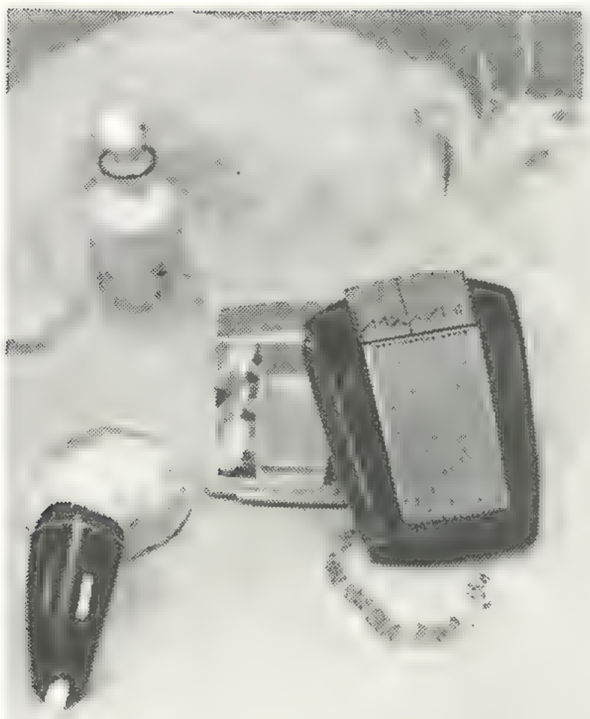
Is it marble? No it's vinyl, here from decorator Jack Braden's Italian sketchbook in a design that copies the marble flooring of a great Padua basilica. Amtico Renaissance vinyl looks like marble, doesn't cost or weigh like marble. Through decorators inquiries can be made to the company about reproducing any pavement pattern one's research or travels unearth.

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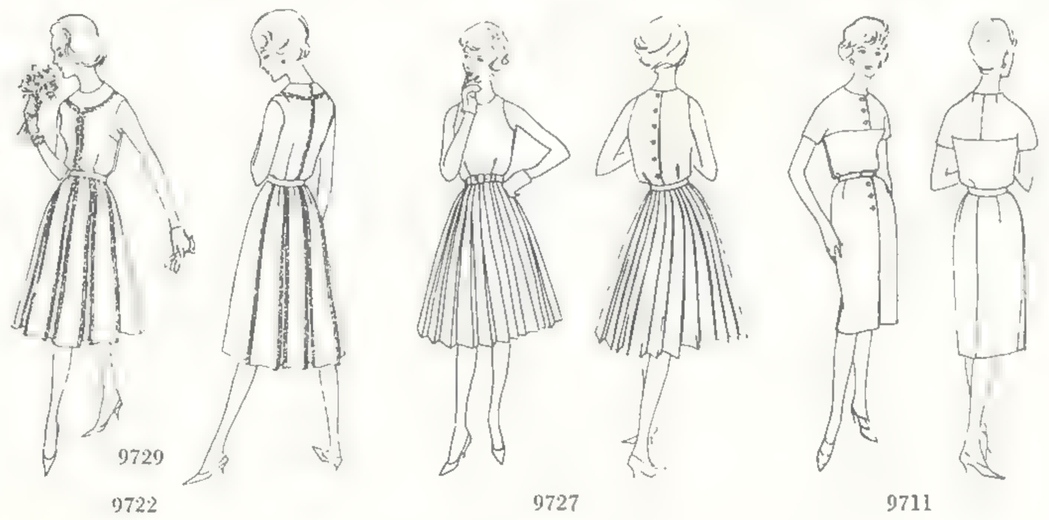
See Vogue's travel report

on Hawaii in the

MAY ISSUE OF VOGUE

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 94-95)



Above, left: Vogue Easy to Make Pattern 9729. Blouse in sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). Shown with Vogue Pattern 9722: pleated skirt in waist sizes 24 to 28. To make both in size 14, using 35″ fabric without nap, you'll need 3⅝ yards for the skirt, 1½ yards for the blouse. Each, 60c. *Above, centre:* Vogue Pattern 9727. One-piece dress, sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). This, in size 14, with a contrasting top, takes ¾ yd. for the dress-top; 2⅝ for the skirt. Both, in 39″ fabric without nap. 75c. *Above, right:* Vogue Easy to Make Pattern 9711. Dress in sizes 12 to 18 (32 to 38). Size 14 in 35-inch fabric without nap requires 3⅛ yards. Note: diagonal fabrics are not suitable for this. Price: 75c.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10¢ additional for each pattern ordered.



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SHANNON

"I HAVE A SON I'VE NEVER SEEN"*

"I have a son that I have never seen, whose language I do not speak and who does not understand mine.

Today, and every summer day, tourists from many lands throng the town of Delphi in Greece. They come to view those scenes made sacred through literature and history. Near this town lives my son Nikolaos.

In my mind's eye I see him now, walking those well worn paths, climbing the craggy hills, attending the quaint old school. I see him visiting the old, battered, bullet-scarred church. I see him going home to the tiny one-room house where he lives with his mother and sister. In my imagination I step through the door. I see the one hard bed, the crude table and bench, the battered box that serves as a chest and the makeshift stove. I count the ornaments of the place—a few flowers in a tiny jug and love. The young mother works, when there is work, as a laborer on a nearby farm. The work is heavy and the hours are long. She is paid ten dollars a month. One fifty of this she pays for rent.

There was a war. Remember? War took this child's father and made him my son. I am proud of him. His frequent letters in the characters of his own tongue are, when translated, the most beautiful literature I can read. I am proud of him.

In our world today there are millions of boys and girls who through war and horror have lost one or both parents. These children know no real home. They never have enough to eat. They have no proper clothes. They share but little love. They have no medical attention. There is no provision for their education. They have no future as we understand that term.

There is in our country an organization known as The Foster Parents' Plan. Through this Plan you may adopt one of these children. You may make yourself responsible for the health and education of one of these little ones. You may become a father or a mother in reality. You may know the joy and satisfaction a child's letters bring. You can know that somewhere in the world a child's prayers, on your behalf, rise like sweet incense to the Infinite. And you can see in your own life how they are answered."

**Written by Foster Parent Roland Porter about his "adopted" child.*

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photographs of "your child" upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your child" is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. At once the child is touched by love and a sense of belonging. All correspondence is through our office; is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives a monthly cash grant of eight dollars plus food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need—in France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Western Germany, Korea and Viet Nam—and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City. © 1959 FPP, Inc.

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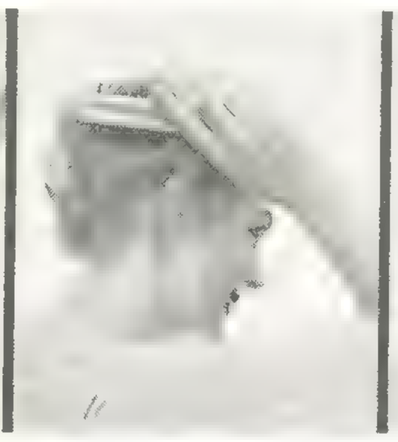
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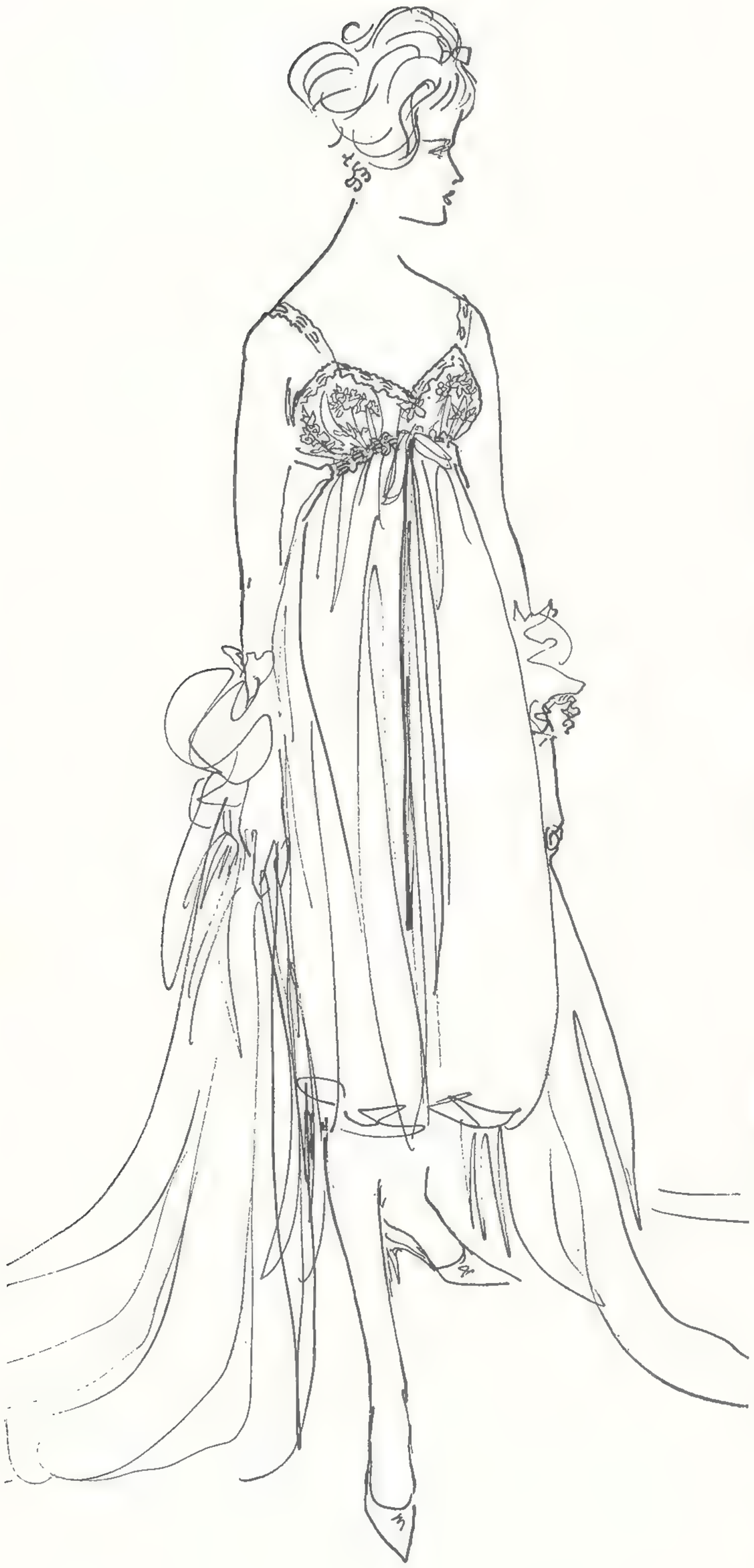
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Summer lingerie—
more blues in the night

Above: Cone-shaped nightdress of nylon-and-silk tricot in a new lighter weight. This, blue with ruffled white nylon lace making a lei-like neckline. By Iris, of Burlington fabric; about $17. At Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.



Above: More of the blue-and-white idea in lingerie that's talked about earlier in this issue (pages 98-101). Nightdress and peignoir, of double nylon tricot in turquoise blue. Each, banded in white nylon lace and ribbon beading. By Van Raalte; about $40. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's.



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Portugal

BY ROB LYLE

Those who find it increasingly hard to endure long winters would do well to think of Portugal; there, winter lasts no more than a month or two. The autumn is long and gorgeous, and lasts till December; at Sintra, fifteen miles from Lisbon, I have eaten out on Christmas Day. The spring is fresh, clear-eyed, and radiant—and it sometimes begins in February. In the far south, in the province of Algarve, it sometimes begins even earlier, at the end of January, and the countryside is drenched with almond blossom, the orange trees are glowing with fruit, and the mimosas are bursting into flower.

Praia da Rocha, on the southern coast, facing out towards Africa, is a good place to stay in winter or early spring, when it is almost deserted. There are a number of hotels. Unless you are very hardy, it is too cold to bathe there in winter; but it is quite warm enough to spend the day on one or other of the beaches, taking a picnic with you. It is within easy reach, by car or bus or taxi, of Portimão, Lagôa, or Faro, attractive fishing towns; or of the mountain town of Monchique, and its slightly lower neighbour, Caldas de Monchique, a watering-place in evergreen woods.

The South can be reached from Lisbon on a train which has about it a pleasant air of nineteenth-century Muscovy—but a car is a great asset in Portugal. Away from Lisbon trains are few, taxis expensive, and buses only tolerable, especially on Sunday when radios play continuously at full blast. The Portuguese, so gentle and sensitive in most things, are impervious to noise.

The Algarve is perfect for a quiet winter holiday. From there, visit the Alentejo, the granary of Portugal, with its wide golden plains, and towns perched on solitary hills. Beyond this again is the Ribatejo, the land of herdsmen, or *campinos*, superb horsemen picturesquely dressed, but this is more easily reached from Lisbon. Its centre, Vila Franca da Xira, is a town of tauromachy.

At the annual festival, the *Colete Encarnado*, in July, the bulls are let loose through the streets, as at Pamplona during *San Fermin*. Just outside the town, on the road south, is a delightful little restaurant-hotel, the *Gado Bravo*, with its own private bull-ring in which you may disport yourself if you are so minded. The Portuguese bullfight (there are two arenas in Lisbon) is remarkable for its picturesque eighteenth-century costumes and elegant horsemanship. The bull is not killed in the ring, although three years ago Manuel dos Santos killed his amid general enthusiasm and was duly fined.

Cross the Tagus to Lisbon at Vila Franca, where there is a bridge, or at Cacilhas, from which a car ferry, operating continuously, makes the trip in about twenty minutes. From Cacilhas (where there are several fish restaurants where you watch porpoises and dolphins playing among the ships as you eat), it is a drive of some twenty miles to Setúbal, famous for its oranges and for the unique little church of the Convent of Jesus, a gem of Manueline architecture, its stone columns twisted into the form of ropes. From Setúbal, drive by the magnificent coast road that tops the Serra da Arrábida to the Portinho da Arrábida, the most beautiful bay and beach in Portugal. Arrábida is as yet unspoilt. The aromatic hillsides are dotted with villas and the beach with cabins. Arrábida is already crowded in summer, but from October to May it is wonderfully quiet—and you take potluck at the small hotel there.

The fishermen—in graceful boats with high, pointed prows—continue their work as though the tourist did not exist. The whole place still has a nineteenth-century air about it—like the Riviera in the time of Maupassant. I have sat there drinking wine and watching a policeman, dressed in a uniform of the time of Napoleon, watering geraniums outside his station.

Nearby, Sesimbra, an important fishing village, is also worth a visit, especially when the newly-landed catch is laid out on the beach and squids, bream, bass, "laughing pretties," "sons of whores," swordfish, and red mullet are still glowing with their natural colours.

The road back to Cacilhas is lonely and beautiful, and the scented pinewoods, through which it passes, are perfect for picnics at almost any time of year. Once over the Tagus, a road runs straight out of Lisbon, past the market, the docks, and the Tower of Belém, from which Vasco da Gama set sail for India. It becomes a superb coastal road, especially lovely in the moonlight, which leads through numerous wide curves to Estoril and to the next-door fishing village of Cascais, where there are several good restaurants and pensions, and a wonderful fish market, which should be visited at night when the fish are unloaded. Winter here has a melancholy charm; autumn is enchanting.

The road continues along the coast to Guincho. The dunes are dotted with huts or cabins, which prove, on inspection, to be excellent restaurants specializing in sea food, which one eats to the wild music of the breakers and very often with hurricane *obbligato*—they are open all year round. All fish dishes are good in Portugal; perhaps the most characteristic are *caldeirada*, a kind of Portuguese *bouillabaisse*, and *bacalhau*, or salt-cod—the dish of the people. This last, however, is an acquired taste; it is best eaten with *aioli*, mayonnaise made with garlic. And if you can get them, eat fresh tunny steaks done in the oven with potatoes, onions, and herbs—this is one of the great dishes of the world.

The road then climbs spectacularly over the western end of the Sintra range to Colares, home of one of the best and most famous Portuguese red wines. *Colares* is very light and very dry—the claret of Portugal as opposed to *Dão* which is the Burgundy.

From Colares it is only a few kilometres to Sintra, which has a climate all its own. The spring and summer are damp, misty, and often quite cold. When the rest of the land is sweltering, Sintra has its head in its characteristic shawl of cloud. But autumn and winter are delightful,

(Continued on page 120)

LITERARY SEX

(Continued from page 69)

lovers have always known, that it is not what they do to each other, but how they feel about what they are doing that contains the whole significance. Who can swear that Ophelia was, or was not, Hamlet's mistress? Scholars still argue this point with that peculiar greed for subsidiary detail that seems to be a professional deformation, but the rest of us are as certain as we need be that what existed between Ophelia and Hamlet, consummated or not, was love.

It is true, of course, that times have changed since these masterpieces were written—together with the literature that reflects them. The literary concept of realism has been influenced in our century by the prevailing scientific climate, by the enormously increased general interest in both the natural sciences and psychology. The so-called realistic and naturalistic writers have, therefore, and perhaps inevitably, developed an inordinate respect for fact, for any fact at all, from the kind of erosion a rope causes on an old fisherman's back, to the symptoms of pregnancy. But science had already determined our mental climate in the first thirty years of this century, and still the writers of that period who were concerned with sexual love continued to write about it in terms of emotional, rather than glandular, experience. Of all the realists in modern American literature, none is considered more faithfully, more drably realistic than Theodore Dreiser, yet in *An American Tragedy* we are not conducted step by step through the fatal seduction of Roberta Alden by Clyde Griffiths. When Babbitt, poor muddled victim of climacteric, fell into sin in his wife's absence, it is his loneliness, his need, his sense of daring, and his helplessness that the realist Sinclair Lewis shows us, and not the performance of his rascally old body. Even Scott Fitzgerald, that first-string violin of voluptuous hedonism, assumed that the reader cared to know more about the secret drives that precipitate the rutting, than the rut itself.

Today, however, it is open season—at least for Americans. If the Japanese, the Indians, the British, the Russians, and even, for the most part, the French and Italians—always excepting that noted exhibitionist Simone de Beauvoir and that lip-licking sensualist Alberto Moravia—continue to be shy, despite their preoccupation with sexual love, with its tiresomely similar and unilluminating physical aspects, the Americans are not. James T. Farrell, Vance Bourjaily, William Styron, Norman Mailer, James Jones, Mary McCarthy, John O'Hara, and Vladimir Nabokov, to name only the most conspicuous of them, invite us, in novel after novel, to a peep show of characters, not only stripped of clothing, but stripped of that imagination which alone makes the sexual act human.

Both what we are asked to behold in current love stories and what we are asked to believe about our capacity to love, are corruptions of reality. Is the reality of adultery made more real when we count the hairpins scattered on the couch, when we see the mattress burned, when we read a laundry list of the torn-off apparel, than when we learn that the specific man and specific woman are ready to jeopardize their reputation, their fortune, their word of honour, for a snatched moment in each other's arms? Is love itself more real, when described in terms of hastened breathing and restless hands, or whispered directions and mumbled four-letter words; of ruthless drive for satisfaction and the aftermath of torpor, than when it is described as a look across a crowded room or a proud admission of surrender? Perhaps, in love, as in all phases of our living, we have another, a more important, dimension which today's realists have slyly and wittingly left out.

When, from the academic ivory tower, one of our most intellectual critics hails the story—by an indubitably intellectual writer—of the lecherous prostitution of a little girl (it does not matter that the child was no longer technically innocent; it matters only that she was a child) as a book "not about sex but about love," I can only assume that there exists an intellectual conspiracy to diminish, if not to destroy, our human stature.

Whether this conspiracy is conscious or unconscious, the antidote will not be found in censorship. "Banned in Boston" is an

(Continued on page 120)

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PORTUGAL

(Continued from page 118)

warm, sunny, and pellucid. The Sintra woods are extensive and exotic, owing to the climate, and provide endless walks. In late autumn the darker retreats are full of delicious mushrooms. A quiet place to stay is the *Estalagem dos Cavaleiros,* where Byron's room is preserved exactly as it was when he stayed there. (You may sleep in it.) The Hotel Central, in the main square, is very comfortable; while just outside Sintra, in the hills, with a superb view, is the luxurious and expensive *Seteais* hotel. Among the charms of Sintra, as of all Portugal, are its country houses, or *quintas,* sylvan paradises and follies, surrounded by evergreen trees, elaborate gardens, and murmuring waters. Away to the north lie the provinces of the Beiras, the Elysian Minho, famous for its *vinho verde,* or "green wine" (a faintly sparkling, rather acid wine, made from grapes which, owing to a heavy rainfall, never ripen properly), the remote and wild Trasos-Montes, and the mountain ranges of Marão and Estrêla. There are, from time to time, state inns, or *Pousadas,* excellently run and very comfortable. There is one in the Serra da Marão, often snowed up in winter, another, high up in the Serra da Estrêla, where one may eat delicious river trout. All these are best explored by car. Northwards also, but within three hours of Lisbon by train, bus, or car, is Fatima, now almost as celebrated a place of pilgrimage as Lourdes. It is best to visit it during one of the great pilgrimages, on May 13 or October 13—an unforgettable and moving spectacle.

But we must return to Lisbon, where Portugal begins and ends. It has been known to snow in Lisbon, but normally a northerner need not think in terms of "winter." Lisbon has all the fascination of a marine city, of a Venice, or perhaps, even more, a Marseilles. Its great charm lies in the noisy bustling life of its precipitous streets; it is built on seven steep hills, peopled by sailors, fishermen and fishwives, washerwomen, flower-sellers, gypsies, bootblacks, spivs, and, of course —for I don't want to make it sound alarming—the eternal bourgeois. No doubt by now the English and Americans know more about the *fado* than most Portuguese—it is from the atmosphere of these narrow balconies, flowery, washing-hung streets, more especially those in the old part of the town, that this peculiar urban folk song is born to moan and sigh, day and night, from cafés and alleyways. The Portuguese have a word, *saudade,* which expresses the insatiable yearning of their race, and in this indefinable emotion the *fado* is drenched. There are a number of *boîtes,* where you can go at night to eat, drink, and listen to those fascinating songs accompanied by guitars and their Portuguese equivalent, which is like a cross between a mandolin and a lute. The waiters and waitresses are normally also the singers. Among the better-known haunts are *Mesquita's, Machado's, Mae Preta,* and *Marcia Contessa.* In such places it is best to drink wine, which is cheap, rather than whisky, which can be exorbitant.

There are, besides, innumerable night clubs. The women of Lisbon do not go to night clubs, though all things are permitted to foreigners, especially English and American, who are regarded, not without reason, as mad. At the opposite pole is the Aviz Hotel, which has about thirty rooms, a delightful garden, and a famous cuisine and cellar. (Among the wines of Portugal which should not be missed are the delightful, slightly effervescent *vins rosés, Mateus,* and *Faisca. S. Miguel* and *Porca da Murca* are delightful white wines; *Azeitão* and *Lamego,* good strong reds.)

Worth a visit are the little fishbars in the side streets (in the Rua da Santa Marta, for instance) where you can eat lobsters, crabs, crayfish, prawns, limpets, oysters, and that Portuguese speciality, *percebes,* or barnacles, which look forbidding but when opened taste of the very essence of the sea. No one should be deterred by floors covered with shucks, shells, and sawdust.

It is easy to eat expensively in Lisbon; it is also easy to have a very good meal, with wine, for about $1.00 a head—such restaurants are often hidden at the backs of bars or cafés.

Lisbon is at its best in the spring and autumn. It is a few hours journey to Arrábida, and half an hour by train, bus, or car to Sintra, Estoril, and Cascais, a day or a night to the deep south. The Portuguese themselves are charming, sensitive, hospitable, and courteous; but it is no good expecting anything to be done in a hurry. Thanks to a wise and patient government, as well as to their own character, their beautiful country is one of the few places left in the world where life is still truly sunny and gracious, and unless you are unlucky enough to strike a bad year, it is truly sunny and gracious all through the year.

LITERARY SEX

(Continued from page 119)

inflammatory phrase. The mind can not be policed. But it can be influenced. And it is because I believe in the power of the written word that I quarrel with the presentation of sexual love in serious American literature today.

It is more than ironic that the very same people who expect us to be fired to patriotism and sacrifice by written exhortation, who expect our children to be inspired to noble behaviour and our youth to heroic deeds by lofty words, will—in the same breath—deny that we and our progeny can also, and in equal measure, be debased by debasing literature. Words, I am certain, have the power to corrupt as well as elevate, and I doubt if I am alone in my corruptibility.

Surely, what sets man apart from all other creatures in the matter of sexual love is his need to endow it with legend and mystery. Irrational and powerful, ridiculous and sublime, this fever which partakes as much of the soul as of the body, makes man not more, but less, of an animal, since it is wholly the product of his imagination. Without his imagination, as we so often see him in our literature today, man is no longer recognizable as man.



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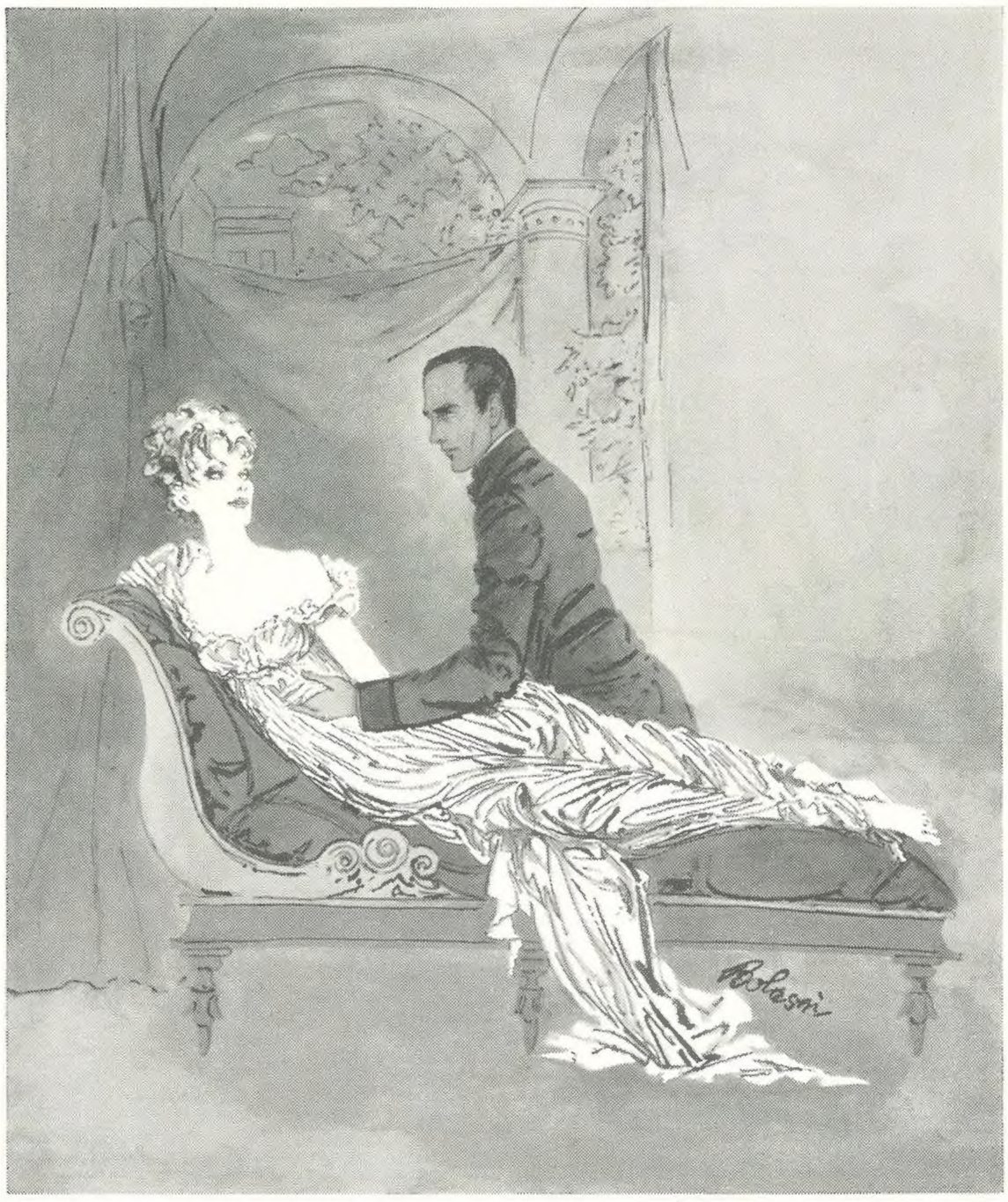
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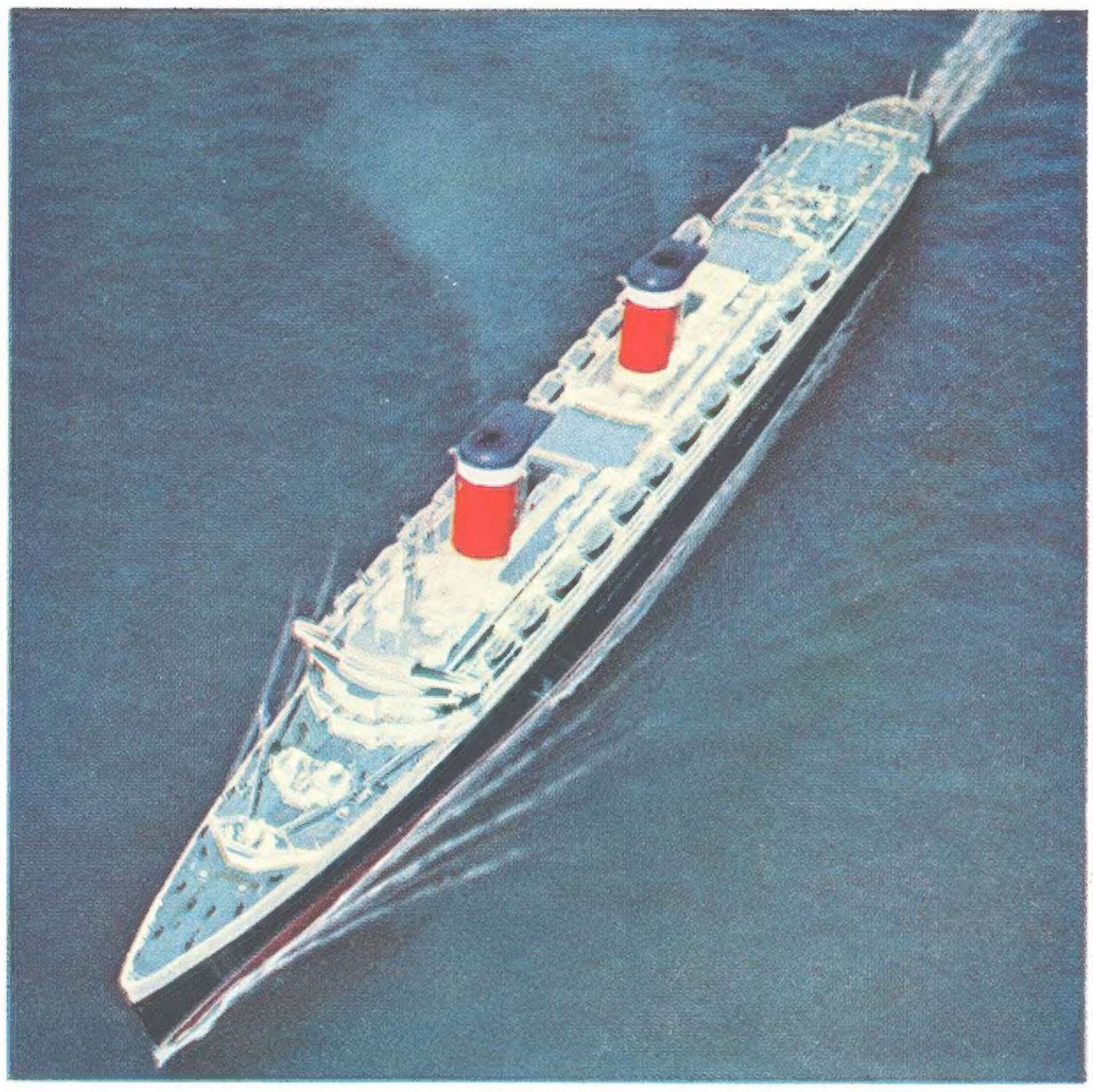
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